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THE ROYAL FAMILY OF PRUSSIA.

The beginning of a war between France and Prussia, in which the whole of Germany, if not the whole of Europe, may become involved, again brings the principal personages of the royal family of Prussia prominently before the public; and we therefore lay accurate portraits of them before our readers.

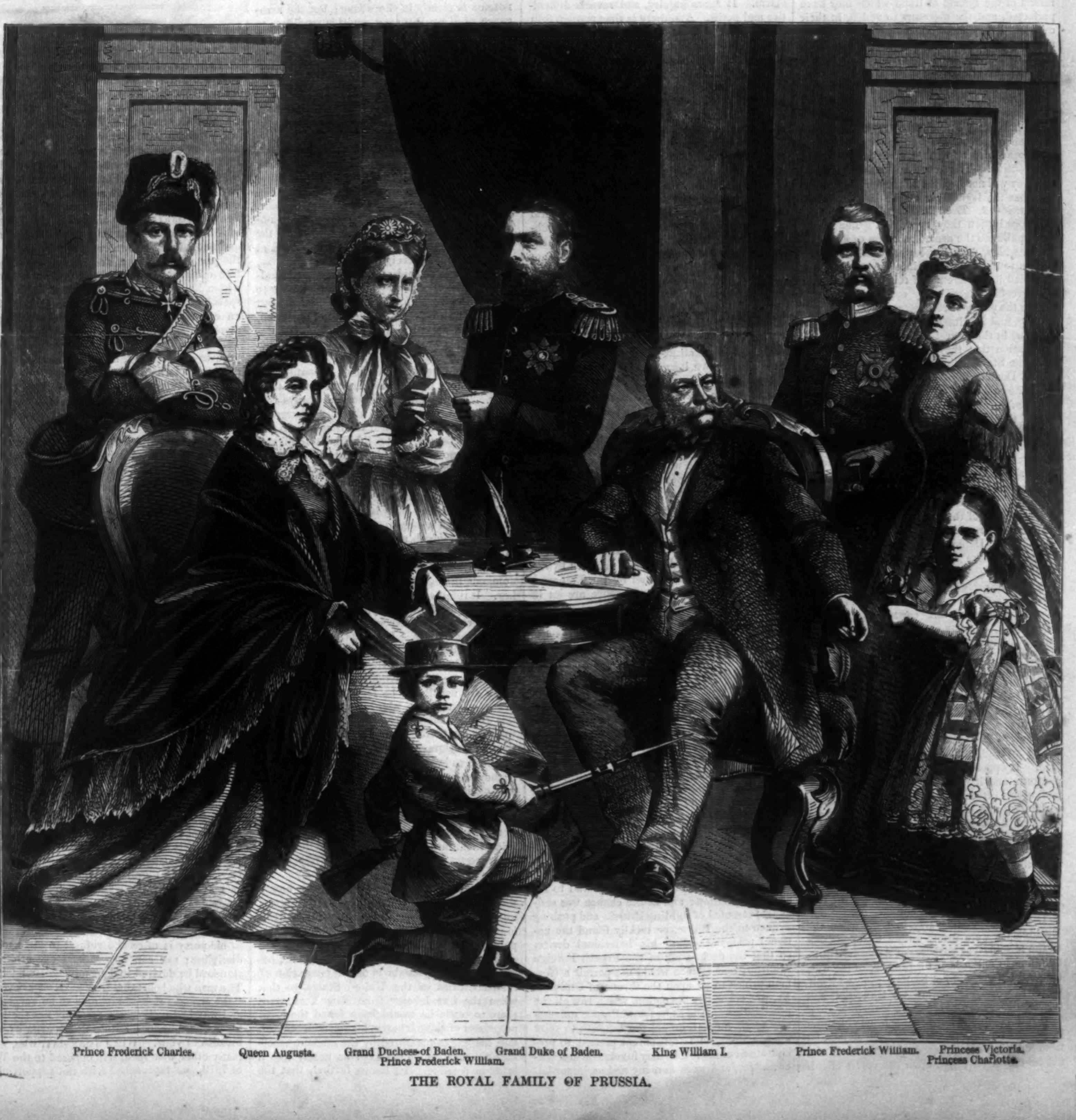
The King, William I., was born in 1797, and was the second son of Frederick William III. When his elder brother, King Frederick William IV.—a most amiable but weak-minded man—became insane, in 1858, William, then commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, was declared Regent. His first act was to dismiss the cabinet of his elder brother, composed entirely of leaders of the aristocratic party, and to establish a new administration, to whose energetic and liberal policy the kingdom owes much of its material and political advancement. His insane brother died in 1861, without issue, and the Regent became King, under the title of William I. The great events of his reign thus far have been the annexation of the Elbe duchies and the important campaign which ended in the humiliation of Austria. A proud, headstrong monarch, and a firm believer in the divine right of kings, he only tolerates constitutional government because he can not help himself, and his rule is as nearly despotic as a strong will can make it.

His Queen, Augusta, is the daughter of the Grand Duke of Weimar. She is a very ambitious woman, fine-looking, and is said to be personally very kind and amiable.

The only son, and the heir to the throne, is the Crown Prince, Frederick William, who is represented standing on the left of the King. He should not be confounded with his cousin, the Prince Royal, Frederick Charles, who is represented on the other side of the engraving—an error which is sometimes made by American writers, owing probably to the incidents of name and title, and to the fact that each commanded a corps of the army in the campaign of Sadowa, and that both were equally gallant and distinguished on that bloody field. The Crown Prince was born in 1831. Just before his father's elevation to the throne he married the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria. His wife and their second child, Princess Charlotte, are represented by the side of the Crown Prince. The eldest child of the young couple, Prince Frederick William (the sixth of the name), is represented at the feet of his grandparents.

The Prince Royal, Frederick Charles, the nephew of the King, is commander of a corps of the Prussian army. He was born in 1828. King William is fortunate in having in his own family two commanders of such pre-eminent ability as the Crown Prince and the Prince Royal.

The Grand Duke of Baden, Prince Frederick, is a son-in-law of the King of Prussia, having married, in 1856, the only daughter of that monarch, Princess Louisa Mary, who is represented at his side.



Prince Frederick Charles. Queen Augusta. Grand Duchess of Baden. Prince Frederick William. Grand Duke of Baden. King William I. Prince Frederick William. Princess Victoria. Princess Charlotte.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF PRUSSIA.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, July 30, 1870.

THE POLITICAL SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

We have more than once stated that one of the gravest objections to the ascendency of the Democratic party is, that it has not acquiesced in the results of the war. As its principle of State sovereignty justified the rebellion, so the same principle denies the validity of the measures of reconstruction. And as the chief necessity of the country is repose and relief from the spirit which sought its destruction, and which it has vanquished, its chief peril is the disposition to cherish and develop that spirit, which is the disposition of the Democratic party. It is because this is evident that, notwithstanding a certain dissatisfaction with the Republicans, there is a profound distrust of the Democrats, and a real reluctance to intrust them with power. Whatever difference there may be between the tone of a party press in opposition, and the policy of the same party in administration—however true it may be that the measures of a government will be very unlike the resolutions of a convention, there is yet no doubt that the intelligent people of the United States would see with the utmost apprehension the party that virtually consented to the destruction of the government seven years ago now in control of the government.

Nor ought any good citizen to fail to observe the signs of the times. At this moment the Democratic leaders believe the Republican party to be hopelessly demoralized. They count surely upon the electoral vote of New York, by means of the system of fraud which they have perfected, and the objectors to which, in their own party, they have effectually silenced. They see the elections every where favorable to them, and they have no doubt that the divisions among Republicans will deepen and widen during the next two years. Their reasoning is simple, and the grounds of it are obvious. Success, indeed, seems to them so sure that they do not think it necessary to conceal their confidence nor their opinions. As a party they do not pretend to acquiesce in the great measures of reconstruction. They consider nothing settled, and they will not hesitate to reopen every question that the legislation of the last five years has concluded. Even the later Amendments to the Constitution they repudiate. The party which palliated the armed rebellion of defeated voters, which, during the war, counseled submission to it, and which, since the war, has not concealed its preference of rebels to loyal citizens, greedily seizes every opportunity to denounce the policy of reconstruction as the worst tyranny, and nominates its judges to the highest court in the largest State with the declared expectation that they may be called upon to array the State against the Union.

The Democrats of Kentucky refuse to consider the question of equal suffrage decided. Those of a county in Ohio proclaim the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment a shameless mockery, and reaffirm that this is a white man's government. And Mr. Ferris, a Republican Representative in Congress from New York, brings all the Democratic members of the House to book by a resolution that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments have been duly ratified and are a part of the Constitution, upon which all the Democratic members vote no. It is true that the Democratic majority in the New York Legislature substantially recognized the Amendments. But the national representatives of their party decline to do so. It is true, also, that certain Democratic members of Congress recommended that certain questions be regarded by the party as dead issues. But the vote of the same members in the House shows that they do not consider the validity of the Amendments among the settled questions. The *World*, indeed, sneers at the Kentucky members of its party as "hide-bound." But the value of the *World* as a representative and influential party organ may be readily estimated. It preferred Mr. Chase as a Presidential candidate in 1868, and Mr. Seymour was nominated. It opposed any repudiating tone in the platform, and it was made to favor virtual repudiation. It called upon General Blair to withdraw, and its party cursed it. It denounced the Ring in New York, and the Ring put it in its pocket. The *World* may be wiser than its party, but it does not in the least influence the party policy. Its breaches of discipline are remembered against it, and all its suggestions are received with suspicion by the real party managers.

If the Democratic party in 1868, when the Republicans were firmly united by opposition to the mischievous purposes of Andrew Johnson, and by enthusiasm for the hero of the war, General Grant, did not hesitate to place itself under the leadership of Wade Hampton, and to declare for repudiation, how little likely is it to shrink, should it be successful in 1872, from undoing every thing that has been done, and from opening every vexed question? It can not be too often urged upon the voters of this country that the Democratic party for many a year has been directed by its most unscrupulous managers. Its policy was the extension of slavery. Its masters were, therefore, the great slave politicians of the Southern States; and their ends could be accomplished only by encouraging the very worst passions of human nature. Slavery is gone, with many of the politicians who served it. But the ignorance and demoralization of the party remain, and it has such managers as such elements require and imply. Having no statesmen for leaders, it has no ability to adopt a great and wise policy. The most positive element in the party to-day is hatred of the negro and sympathy with the rebel doctrine and spirit. As a party, it was Copperhead during the war, and it is Copperhead still. Should it carry the country at the next election, it would plunge us into a confusion of which it is impossible to foresee the end.

Congress has failed to apprehend this fact. The Republican majority has not seen the vital necessity of party union. When Congress adjourned the country should have been able to see at a glance the Republican platform. That platform should have been a firm adherence to the settlement of the Union; a vigorous system of defense for the purity of the polls; a palpable reduction of taxation, and the prompt repeal of the income tax; a foreign policy vigorously maintaining our just rights, honorable to our laws and treaties, and unsolicitous of annexation; and a domestic policy of reform in the civil service. Had Congress by its action shown this to be the Republican platform, there would not have been the feeling of dissatisfaction and despondency which now undoubtedly exists in the party. Yet this is the very best moment for such a feeling, if such there must be. For the feeling is itself a warning and alarm. It spurs inquiry, and reveals difficulties and perils. And there is time enough fully to comprehend the situation and to secure the future. The Republicans will lose in the next House, but they will not lose a majority. They will easily retain that majority if they nominate men who favor such principles, and who have the courage of their opinions. They can not, however, select a single issue and think to succeed upon that, as is advised in some quarters. Honest and able men, who have decided views upon maintaining the national settlement, upon reducing taxation, upon improving the public service, and who are able to comprehend what is called the necessity of the case, which implies concession and conciliation for a great general benefit, these are the men whom the Republicans should nominate and elect; and these are the men who would make Republican success as sure in 1872 as it was in 1868.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

When Prince Leopold, wisely for himself, consented to withdraw from the candidacy for the Spanish crown, it was hoped that the Emperor of France would be satisfied with this decisive though pacific victory over Bismarck and the King of Prussia, and allow the peace of Europe to remain undisturbed; but it is now evident that he was bent upon war from the first, and was only too ready to seize upon any pretext for a quarrel. He was not inclined to be nice in the matter. Prince Leopold having taken himself out of the way, the French Minister at the court of Berlin provokes an insult from the King of Prussia, or what may be construed to be an insult, and that is sufficient for his imperial master. Forthwith all France is in a blaze. War against Prussia is declared by the French legislative body and by the Emperor, and the immense armies of France are set in motion toward the Rhine.

To the French Emperor war with Prussia was, perhaps, a political necessity. He has been overshadowed too long by Bismarck, the astute and able statesman who suddenly emerged from comparative obscurity, a few years since, and did, at one blow, what Louis Napoleon had vainly tried to do—freed Italy and humbled Austria. Then Bismarck reorganized Germany, while Louis Napoleon was conspicuously humiliated in Mexico; and while the prestige of France faded under the Emperor, the Prussian Minister gave to his country the most brilliant fame and the most powerful position. The unrealities of Solferino and Magenta have vanished before the tremendous fact of Sadowa; and Louis Napoleon has, of course, felt what all the world has seen—his waning political reputation.

Some decisive and, if possible, splendid blow, either of statecraft or war, was essential to recover his position; and as the chance was suddenly presented of fighting Prussia and pushing France to the Rhine, he luckily found the national pride seconding his individual desire, so that the declaration of the French Foreign Minister, that France would not permit a German prince to sit upon the throne of Charles V., was echoed by the nation, which saw all the possibilities. And as he found France universally ready for war, he did not hesitate to seize upon a flimsy and transparent pretext to precipitate a conflict which may involve several other nations, and work as many and as important changes in the map of Europe as did the wonderful Seven Days' campaign against Austria. The military position of the two nations is not unequal. Both have been preparing for this conflict for more than a score of years. There can be no question as to the military strength of France. Her army in the field amounts to nearly 800,000 men, led by some of the ablest generals of the day; and her National Guard, mobilized in response to the mobilization of the Prussian Landwehr, adds more than half a million of fighting men to this colossal force. On the other hand, the military condition of the victors of Sadowa is not less perfect than that of France; and since the troubles in Schleswig-Holstein and the question of Luxembourg, Bismarck has never lost sight of the fact that the peace between France and Prussia was merely an armed truce. That France should gain the coveted left bank of the Rhine is, therefore, at least doubtful. As we write a rumor comes that a Prussian "raid" upon the Eastern Railway line in the direction of the fortified city of Metz, where three hundred thousand troops are concentrating under Marshals Bazaine and M'Mahon, has been repulsed by the French—the prelude to a struggle the end whereof no man can foresee.

In the awful conflict which the ambition of one crowned head and the obstinacy of another have thus forced upon Europe, American citizens may justly withhold their sympathy from both sides. A more needless war was never begun. It involves no great principle. On neither side is it properly a war of defense. It is simply a dynastic war, a personal quarrel between the Emperor of France and the King of Prussia, and the main question to be decided is, which of these two potentates has the stronger army and the more skillful generals. In forcing the conflict at the present moment, Napoleon is clearly in the wrong; but the arrogance of King William, and his readiness to accept the challenge which his own conduct had been the means of provoking, make him an equal partner in the guilt of involving Europe in a needless war.

PARTY COURAGE.

The Naturalization bill of Mr. Noah Davis, which was an admirable and necessary measure, was defeated in the House, and another was finally passed which offers the opportunity of some precautions against fraud at elections. The *Tribune* says the new bill amounts to nothing. The *World* says that it is a revival of the Know-Nothing crusade, and is really aimed at the exclusion of foreigners. This, of course, would have been said of any stringent naturalization law—of any system which took care to surround citizenship with sure defenses against fraud. But it is precisely the kind of objection, namely, an appeal to prejudice, which the Republican party ought to have despised, yet which really defeated Mr. Davis's bill. Honorable members were afraid of alienating the foreign vote. But they might have spared their fears. The ignorant foreigner will always vote with those who pander to him most unscrupulously; and in that contest the Republicans will be always beaten. The intelligent foreigner, however, knows who is his friend. It is as with the new colored vote in the Southern States. The worst part of it will be lost to the Republicans. But the intelligent part will remain.

The Republican party is peculiarly the friend of the foreign immigrant, because it maintains the great, original, and fundamental principles of the government. It is the party of free speech, free soil, free labor, and free men. It demands the equality of all citizens before the law. It refuses to disqualify a man from equal citizenship because he is poor, or because he is of any color. It discourages all hostility of sections or classes. It insists upon the most universal education. And every where the promoters of the order, the sobriety, and the morality which are most favorable to the honest laborer are usually to be found among Republicans. Every man who knows the history of this country knows that the Democratic party was the supporter of a system which stigmatized and disgraced labor; which authorized a rich man to buy poor workmen of every trade, if they were colored; and which insisted, by one of its chief leaders and lawyers in this State, Mr. Charles O'Conor, that the Virginian who owned blacksmiths and gardeners, as if they were his cattle, should be allowed to bring them into New York, and hold them here as property, side by side with the free blacksmiths and gardeners of New York.

Every man who knows our history knows that it was the perception of this degrading and un-American policy, sustained by the Democratic party, which led to the formation of the Republican party. He knows that the Republicans showed how the great Democratic leaders, being slaveholders, sought to obtain possession of the territories of the United States, so that when the free laborer from New York went there to settle he would have found the great proprietor of slave laborers his immediate rival, and his wages measured by the amount necessary to support a man kept as nearly like a brute as possible. He knows further, that the exposure of this fact aroused the great mass of intelligent Americans, who live by their own labor; that they expelled the slave party calling itself Democratic from power, and have since put down the rebellion waged by the leaders of that party in the interest of slavery, have abolished slavery, removed the stigma from labor, and passed a homestead law. These are the most familiar facts of our later political history, and these show plainly enough which party is the friend of the laboring man.

Why, then, should any Republican fear that if the same party passed the most energetic laws to protect naturalization and to purify the polls, the same intelligence would misconstrue it? While the Republican party pursued its great purposes of subduing the rebellion, and subsequently of restoring the Union, fearlessly and firmly, it was every where victorious. Courage inspires confidence. No party that is not bold is powerful; and when it becomes timid it is death-stricken. If it can be frightened from one point it can be driven from all. The grasp of the Republican party upon affairs has become a little relaxed. It does not hold them as a master, but rather as a suppliant. It is looking about and wondering whether it will be supported. While it wonders it is in danger. Let it not fear to do and to say what it heartily believes and what it wishes to do. It knows the enormous frauds at the polls. The whole country knows them. And a plain resolution that the national authority should stop these frauds would instantly bring the country closer to the party. The hostility to a proper law of naturalization, like that to the remedy of every evil in our system, which bitter experience has revealed, springs from the source of all the troubles in our history, what Washington called "the monster" of State sovereignty.

PARTY ORTHODOXY.

In opposing the confirmation of Mr. Murphy as Collector of New York, Senator Fenton is reported to have laid the utmost stress upon his want of party fidelity, charging that he supported Mr. Hoffman for Governor in 1866. Senator Conkling's reply to his colleague is understood to have been very severe. He tried his fellow Senator by his own test, and stated that in his own State Senatorial district, which is largely Republican, Senator Fenton had supported an independent nomination, which secured the election of the Democratic candidate. Senator Conkling also alluded to the *Tribune's* opposition to Mr. Murphy upon similar grounds, and quoted well-known cases of "bolting" upon the part of that paper, and freely criticised the free criticisms of its editor upon those with whom he differs. The report describes the speech as very caustic, and it was followed by an extraordinary unanimity of the Senate in favor of the confirmation of Mr. Murphy.

Into the merits of this case we do not propose to enter. But, since the arena and the character of the debate have given it a degree of general interest, it is right that Republicans elsewhere should know that in the State of New York there are no better or more consistent Republicans, no abler public men, and no more spotless citizens than Senator Conkling and Judge Folger, who appeared as the especial friends of Mr. Murphy. The bitterness of the debate was but the public proclamation of a difference that has existed for some time in the Republican party of New York, and which explains much of the apathy that has been observed in its ranks, and the untoward result of the recent elections. The consequences of the violent public rupture between the two Senators, which was sooner or later inevitable, can not be foreseen. But certainly the debate was not sought by Senator Conkling. He favored the confirmation of Mr. Murphy, and his colleague opposed it. And when his colleague arraigned Mr. Murphy at length, attacking in detail his political character and consistency, and insinuating, if not charging, personal dishonesty, there was no alternative but for Senator Conkling to take up the gauntlet, and to show not only that the personal attack was unfounded, but that similar political charges could be sustained against the accuser. This he did with emphasis.

This painful debate will be useful if it serves to show what an extremely dangerous weapon, of the boomerang kind, a charge of party infidelity is. It is apt to recoil, because, happily, intelligent men will not surrender their convictions to party managers. Here are three conspicuous Republicans—Senator Fenton, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Greeley—and it appears that each of them has, for what they deemed proper reasons, "bolted" the regular party action. Certainly they are not the less to be respected for their independence, for a man's highest duty to his party is often the refusal to yield to its discipline; nor can any satisfactory arbitrary standard be devised to determine party fidelity. The men who boast that they have always voted "the straight ticket" are men to be suspected and watched. They are certainly not the men for public functions requiring impartiality and breadth of view. When John Jay, who, with many other wise men, was opposed to the War of 1812, was reproached with not supporting a candidate nominated by his party for the Assembly, in Westchester County, he said, for himself and those who acted with him, what may be well remembered: "We approve of the customary mode of nominating candidates, and have uniformly concurred in it; that concurrence certainly involved our tacit consent to be bound by the nominations which should be so made. But it is equally certain that such consent did, does, and ever will rest on the condition, trust, and confidence that such nominations only be made as we could or can support without transgressing the obligations we are under to preserve our characters and our minds free from humiliation and reproach. We are, and will be, faithful to the peace party; but we will also be faithful to our sense and conviction of what is decent and becoming for us to do."

A RAT DIET NOT IMMINENT.

In the reported speeches of Generals Butler and Hawley, on the Fourth of July, at Woodstock, it is not easy to see the difference of opinion which seems to have been assumed by them. General Butler said that the cooly trade was really a slave-trade, and he was undoubtedly correct. But he distinctly said that he was not hostile to what may be called natural immigration. General Hawley said that he did not see how the gates of the country could be locked against foreigners. In that he, too, was unquestionably correct. But he can, of course, see how they can be closed against a slave-trade. The importation of coolies by contract is no more immigration than the importation of slaves. It is a system by which the worst classes of foreigners would be thrown into this country in the greatest numbers. It would be an unpardonable and unnecessary increase of the difficulties with which the country has to deal. We presume that General Hawley is no more favorable to such an increase than General Butler; and we understand him to mean only that we ought not to oppose a normal and natural immigration from any part of the world.

The British colonial experience shows exactly what the cooly trade is. It has been prosecuted for more than twenty years in the English and other colonies in the Gulf of Mexico, and the British Government has made rules for its regulation, and appointed agents for its supervision. As we stated a few weeks since, it is characterized by the crimes of the old slave-trade. Kidnapping and fraud precede embarkation, and the horrors of the middle passage are renewed. A little more than a year ago a ship left Calcutta for Demerara with 468 coolies, and arrived with only 364 still living. A gentleman who has lived for twenty years in Jamaica said in a paper before the Anti-Slavery Conference in Paris, two years ago, that the cooly trade was the most atrocious form of the slave-trade, and that, as the owner's interest in the cooly is limited, he is really worse off than a slave. In Cuba they are disposed of in open market like cattle; and a parliamentary blue-book of a year or two since showed that 96,581 Chinese had been imported into Cuba within a period of twenty months. In Peru not more than 10,000 coolies are living of 100,000 imported within twenty years, and not more than 100 have returned to China.

These are the facts of the cooly contract system in small states like Cuba, Peru, and the Gulf colonies. What are likely to be the results of such a system in a country like the United States, with its opportunities and demands for labor? That demand and opportunity will bring the laborers. It is only necessary to prevent the artificial stimulus given to the movement by the contract system. The Chinese current of population began to flow toward this country in 1848. Between that year and 1868, for twenty years, the yearly average of the immigration was not quite 6000. Last year it was 12,000. That is not an alarming average, and even that is artificial. This country can annually assimilate a great many more Chinese than 12,000. Let us prohibit any kind of slave-trade, and the Crispins need not fear that they will be compelled to eat rats.

THE MINORITY A PART OF THE PEOPLE.

The new Constitution recently adopted by the State of Illinois is so full of excellent provisions that it is very likely to serve as a model for all the States that hereafter revise their fundamental law. The general applause with which it is received by the country shows also the wisdom of vigorous and radical action by a Constitutional Convention. When a system has been shown by experience to be inadequate, Hamlet's advice is the true conservatism—"reform it altogether." Undoubtedly the Constitution proposed to the State of New York by the Convention of 1867 would have been more generally approved if it had been a new instrument instead of an old one patched and darned. We do not mean, of course, that a Constitutional Convention is to seek novelty as of itself an advantage. But experience reveals in every fundamental law certain imperfections and weaknesses, unsound principles and practices, and these should be shorn away. For instance, the present Constitution of this State is unwisely jealous of appointed officers. But there are offices to which, from their very nature, it is better that men should be appointed than elected, and experience therefore proves it. But the New York Convention was afraid that it would be accused of seeking to take power from the people. That timidity was the bane of the Convention, and ruined its work. The Constitution seemed to have no friends. Even the party that controlled the Convention was unwilling to recommend its work.

The Judiciary article of the Constitution of 1867 was the boldest and most thorough in its reforms, and that was adopted. That article has one point like the new Illinois Constitution. It gives the minority a chance. Thus, in the late election for Judges of Appeals, under that article, although there appeared a majority of nearly ninety thousand against the Republican ticket, two Republicans from the five nominated were elected. In like manner, in Illinois, it is proposed to allow cumulative voting in the elections to the lower branch of the Legislature. This is a system which secures a representation of the minority. Each Senatorial district in the State is to send three members to the Lower House, and every voter may cast his three votes at his pleasure. He may give one vote to each of three candidates, or he may give one to one candidate and two to another, or he may give all three to one. If the minority in the district is decided, it will, of course, concentrate all its votes upon one candidate, and so secure a representative. If the district be evenly divided, it is not so easy to foresee the result. Both parties would then nominate an entire ticket, and there would be the same trading that there is now. But each party would certainly be likely to put forward its best man.

The adoption of the system, however, whether experience shall show it to be better adapted to its purpose than some other, or not, is a most significant fact. It marks the progress of political science. It shows that every principle in our system is to be investigated and proved. It indicates the perception that our system itself demands some method by which the minority may be heard, inasmuch as the system is that of the government of the people, and not a part of them. The voice of the majority is the first and rudest, but by no means the final and best method of ascertaining the popular will. The same logic and good sense that led the wisest of the Revolutionary fathers to perceive that slavery was a constant satire upon a government professedly founded upon popular consent, lead their children to see that the will of a hundred persons can not be truly expressed by fifty-one, and that the arrangement should endure only until a better, because more accurate, system is devised. Nothing could show more clearly the political intelligence of Illinois than its perception of the propriety of some such provision; and no political experiment could be watched with more interest by all sagacious political thinkers in the country.

"THE MUCH-MALIGNED CITY OF NEW YORK."

The death of Florence Scannel, and the murderous assault of the Roman Catholic Irishmen upon the Protestant Irish, men, women, and children, at their late picnic upon the anniversary of the Boyne, are very significant texts.

Florence Scannel was a young man of twenty-three and a Democratic politician. He was emphatically a representative of the "dangerous classes." And, after rioting through the streets one night in last December with a party of desperadoes like himself, he burst into a liquor shop and was shot in a drunken brawl. After lingering paralyzed for several months he died a few days since. This man was an Alderman of the city. The Board of Aldermen passed resolutions of respect for his memory. Municipal officers and judges attended his funeral. Various clubs appeared as mourners. Some of the newspapers contained long details of the ceremony, and the Rev. Dr. Henry, a Roman Catholic clergyman, preached a funeral discourse, in which he said that the congregation had assembled to offer prayers for one endeared to them "by virtuous actions and deeds which will live long after him;" and the reverend gentleman bade them to be comforted by the remembrance "that there is a home beyond the skies where such as he live in happiness for eternity."

While he still lay unburied a company of Protestant Irish citizens, peaceably enjoying themselves with their families in a public park, were attacked by a mob of their Roman Catholic countrymen, and a ferocious battle followed, waged with all the cruelty of the most savage barbarians. Many were killed and severely wounded, and, at last, the police succeeded in restoring order. These two facts belong together. The Democratic political managers govern the city of New York by means of such rioters who vote for such magistrates as Florence Scannel. And if any of those rioters and murderers should be brought for trial before such judges as those who honored the memory of Scannel, how many of them would be convicted? How many of those judges would dare to exasperate such persons as the friends of Scannel and the murderers of the Orangemen, upon whose votes they depend for re-election, and who, as they know, personally revenge what they consider to be their wrongs?

But when an effort is made to rescue the ballot-box from the hands of ruffians, to suppress repeating, to stop the frauds under which the government must at last surely succumb, the Democratic newspapers denounce "Know-Nothingism," and twaddle about the "maligned city of New York," which Mr. S. S. Cox, in Congress, declares to be a paradise. The simple truth is, that the city of New York is really governed by such persons as Florence Scannel and his friends, and the mob that attacked the Orangemen. It is to win their votes that Democratic politicians wear a green dress upon St. Patrick's day, and to propitiate their favor that the attempt is made in the Legislature to make a sectarian division of the school moneys. It is in the city of New York, in the kind of municipal officers it elects, in the reputation of its courts, in the practices at its polls, in its naturalization proceedings, in its universal political notoriety, that the quality and tendency of the Democratic party are to be seen. And, indeed, it is because all these things are so essentially Democratic that Mr. Cox, a Democratic Representative, thinks New York a paradise.

ROBERT E. LEE'S RESIGNATION IN 1861.

We recently spoke of General Robert E. Lee as retaining a position in General Scott's military family until his resignation. This has undoubtedly been the general impression, arising perhaps from the fact that his letter of resignation was addressed to General Scott as commander of the army, and that his residence at Arlington House, near Washington, probably brought him into intimate relations at General Scott's head-quarters. The attention of General Lee having been called to our remark, he has written the following letter:

> "Lexington, Virginia, June 29, 1870.
>
> "Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you for the kind sentiments expressed toward me in your reply from the *Messenger and Advertiser*, of which you are editor, to the erroneous assertion of *Harper's Weekly* respecting myself. Though it is difficult to learn the truth, the facts in the charge cited might, I think, have been easily ascertained, inasmuch as I never belonged to the military family of General Scott, or served near his person, except when in Mexico, when I was attached to the general staff of the army in that country. Thanking you for the refutation of the charge, and for your kind wishes, I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, R. E. Lee.
>
> "Major Sidney Herbert, Troy, Alabama."

Assuming this letter to be authentic, our remark was, of course, incorrect. But the impression that Colonel Lee at the time of his resignation was upon confidential terms with General Scott, and was therefore familiar with the plans of that officer, is so universal that what we said can hardly be supposed to have deepened the feeling with which General Lee is regarded by all loyal men. We are, nevertheless, sorry to have made an untrue statement.

It would now be interesting to know whether another general impression in regard to General Lee is equally unfounded, namely, that, just before accepting his commission from the rebel authorities, he wrote to his sister, informing her of his resignation in the United States army, and saying, "I recognize no necessity for this state of things"—meaning the war; and also, "I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword," except in defense of Virginia.

NOTES.

A zealous Democratic newspaper characteristically describes the murder of a white girl by a colored man in Chicago as "the effects of negro suffrage." In like manner we suppose the late assault of the Roman Catholic Irishmen upon the peaceful picnic of the Orangemen is to be regarded as "the effects of the declaration of infallibility."

No action in Congress during the present session was received with more satisfaction by the country than the refusal of the Senate to continue the income tax. It is a tax for which even Senator Sherman's speech was a labored and most inconclusive plea. It was a wholly exceptional tax, the term of which was precisely indicated. It is of doubtful constitutionality. It is wholly indefensible upon the ground on which it is usually justified—that it falls upon a certain class. And its continuance was not only unnecessary, but immensely impolitic. Senators Conkling, of New York, and Scott, of Pennsylvania, spoke powerfully against it. But, as if resolved to lay the heaviest burdens upon their political friends, the two Houses finally agreed to continue the tax, raising the exemption to $2000, and reducing the rate to 2½ per cent. How very far Washington is from the rest of the country!

Will the Copperheads never be comforted? Is the country never to be forgiven for having saved itself? Will the Democracy always find it as sweet to sneer at the great soldiers of the Union as to extol the "Christian heroes" of a rebellion to perpetuate slavery? Here is the latest Democratic gibe: "Grant, who dealt the death-blow to the Confederacy when it reeled and tottered from exhaustion, is now in the White House. Sherman, who made that brilliant march from one end to the other of an undefended State, is head of the army."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 11.—In the Senate, the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill was discussed, and various amendments were adopted, but no definite action was taken. In the executive session the New York Federal appointments were confirmed.—Very little work was done in the House. A resolution was adopted declaring the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Constitution duly ratified, and therefore binding upon the several branches of the general government, and that of the States and Territories.

July 12.—In the Senate, the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill was again under discussion, without coming to final action.—Debates on the Army Appropriation bill and the Funding bill occupied most of the day in the House. An investigation was ordered into the alleged ill treatment of colored cadets at West Point.

July 13.—In the Senate, the Tax and Tariff bill and the Funding bill were reported from the Conference Committees, and were adopted. In respect to the Funding bill Mr. Sherman explained that the Committee had provided for three classes of bonds—two hundred millions of five per cents; three hundred millions of four and a half per cents; and one thousand millions of four per cents. The expenses of negotiation had been fixed at one-half of one per cent., under the control of the Secretary of the Treasury. The seventh section, relating to the national banks, has been stricken out, leaving the bill merely a voluntary bill.—In the House the Tax and Tariff bill was reported from the Conference Committee, and, after a debate, passed. The report on the Funding bill was agreed to. Mr. Maynard, from the Ways and Means Committee, reported a joint resolution suspending the use of whisky metres at distilleries till the further action of Congress, which was passed. The majority and minority reports of the General O. O. Howard Investigating Committee were presented, but the House fixed no time for their consideration.

July 14.—In the Senate, a bill was passed allowing a pension of $3000 a year to Mrs. Lincoln. Reports on the Civil Appropriation and Deficiency bills were received and adopted.—In the House, a new bill was reported and passed, appropriating $5,000,000 for Indian purposes, the President to have the disbursement of the funds, and a report of expenditures to be made at the next session. The reports on the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill were received and adopted.

July 15.—The Senate adopted the report of the Committee of Conference on the Indian Appropriation bill, which makes the original appropriations proposed by the Senate, with a proviso that nothing contained in the bill shall be construed either to affirm or deny the validity of the treaties made by the Indian Peace Commission. A message from the President was received, calling attention to the breaking out of war in Europe, and the necessity of an increase of the commercial marine by the purchase of ships. After the message had been read, the bill to encourage ship-building was again taken up and discussed at length, but was finally laid aside informally. The credentials of Messrs. Whiteley and Farrow, Senators elect from Georgia, were presented. At five o'clock, the hour of adjournment having arrived, the Senate adjourned *sine die*.—In the House the Senate amendments to the Indian Appropriation bill were concurred in. The President's message, the same as sent to the Senate, was received and referred to the Committee on Ways and Means, with instructions to report forthwith. Two reports were received, the majority postponing action, and the minority reporting a bill favoring for a certain time the registration of foreign-built iron vessels. A long debate ensued on the subject of free ships. No action, however, was taken, and at five P.M. the House adjourned *sine die*.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Motley has been recalled from England, and Mr. Frelinghuysen appointed to succeed him.

Instructions have been issued by the Canadian authorities to commanders of gun-boats, and other officials employed in protecting Canadian fisheries, directing that the limits excluding American fishermen shall be, for the present, exceptional. Vessels, unless found within three miles of the shore, or within three miles of a line drawn across the mouth of a bay or creek, will not be interfered with.

It is now announced that Red Cloud has departed on a mission of peace to the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes.

A bishop of the National Church of Russia has been commissioned to establish a See in San Francisco, under the title of "John, Most Holy Bishop of America and the Aleutian Islands."

Several prominent Fenian leaders have been on trial at Canandaigua, and have been sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the Auburn jail.

About fifty Baptist clergymen met recently, in Boston, to consider the subject of pulpit eulogies on the late Charles Dickens. After debate it was concluded that no special expression of opinion was called for.

The loss of Mr. Burlingame is deeply deplored in China. In addition to pecuniary benefits accorded to his family, a posthumous title of the highest rank outside of the royal family has been conferred.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The news from Europe is of the highest importance. In compliance with the demands of France, Prince Leopold withdrew from the candidacy for the Spanish throne; but France desired and demanded further guarantees from Prussia. The French Minister at the court of Berlin pressed this demand upon King William until the latter, irritated at being addressed by the Minister while drinking the waters at Ems, replied in terms which were construed into an insult. The Minister at once returned to Paris, and all France was in a blaze of indignation. The Corps Législatif hastened to declare war against Prussia, and the immense armies of France, which had been preparing for the emergency, were at once set in motion toward the Rhine. The Prussians were not less active, and the whole German nation is roused to the utmost enthusiasm against France. On the 17th of July a Prussian force penetrated French territory in the direction of Metz, for the purpose of destroying the railroad connections with Mezieres, but was repulsed with considerable loss.

The Emperor of France is to take the field in person, and will be accompanied by his son. The old Republican General Changarnier has been recalled into the service and placed in command of the reserves. General Autemarre has been appointed to the command of the Imperial Guard. It is announced that 280,000 French troops are on the Rhine, ready to cross.

An anti-French demonstration took place in Florence July 17. The Italian government, however, is said to be in accord with France.

A meeting of prominent slaveholders was held July 17, in Havana, at which Captain-General De Rodas presided, to discuss the subject of abolishing slavery in Cuba. A committee of twenty-five was appointed to devise a plan, and to initiate the work by putting their scheme in execution, when it is to be submitted to the Cortes for approval. An election for Deputies to represent Cuba in the Cortes has been ordered by the authority of the Spanish government, to be held before the end of August.

The dogma of infallibility has been adopted by the Œcumenical Council, by a vote of 450 to 88. As we write the day for its promulgation has not been fixed.

The reported massacre of French Christians at Pekin is discredited, and is probably a hoax.

NAPOLEON III.

The latest telegrams received at the moment of writing announce that the Emperor of France will take the field in person against Prussia; and as King William I. will probably place himself at the head of his own army, as in the campaign against Austria, the new war may present the spectacle of the crowned heads of the two greatest military powers in Europe meeting on the field of battle—not in personal combat, of course, as in the olden times, but as leaders and manœuvrers of immense armies. King William is a trained soldier, and the Emperor Napoleon has approved himself an eminent strategist. He commanded the French army in person in the Italian war, which resulted in the expulsion of the Austrians; and it is admitted that the success of the campaign was largely owing to his military skill. He is now matched against a more formidable antagonist.

It is a singular fact that while the two grand divisions of the Prussian army are led by young men, under the general direction of the veteran Moltke, the great Marshals of France on whom the Emperor relies for the conduct of his armies are veterans in years as well as in service. The principal army operating against the Rhine is under the command of Marshal M'Mahon, who distinguished himself in the last two great wars of France, that against Russia, and that against Austria—in the former of which he was the "hero of the Malakoff," and in the latter the "hero of Magenta." He is a Frenchman by birth, but descended from an ancient Irish family. For his achievement in the Austrian war he was created Duke of Magenta. He is 63 years old. Marshals Canrobert and Bazaine are also over 60 years of age. Marshal Forey is 66, Marshal Raudon 75, Marshal Vaillant 80, and Marshal Changarnier, who has been placed in command of the French reserves, is 77 years old.

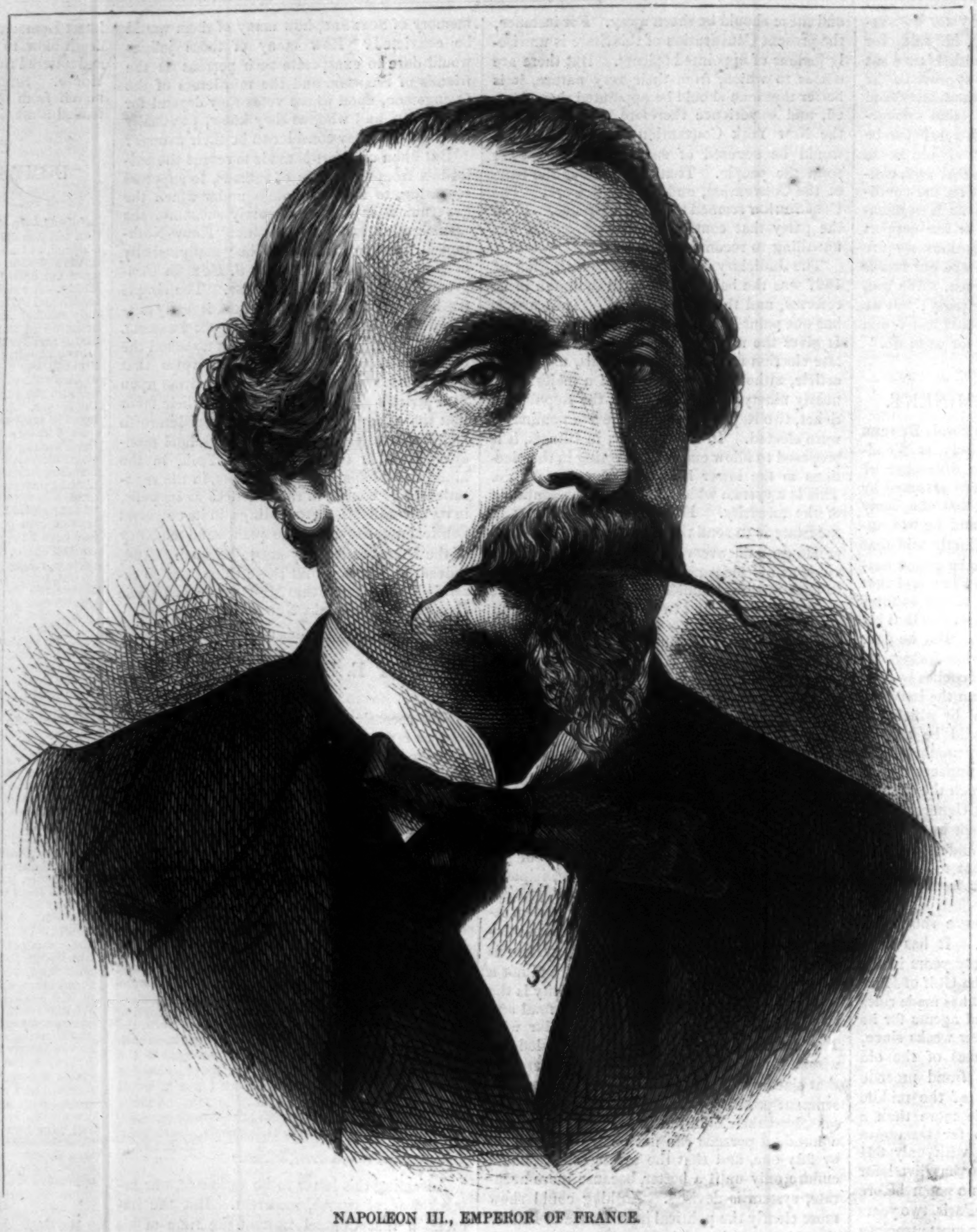
COUNT VON BISMARCK.

This energetic statesman was the right-hand man of King William I. in the affair of the Duchies and the war with Austria. The fatigues and terrible responsibilities of the famous Seven Days' campaign which broke the military power of Austria told severely upon the strength and health of the Prussian statesman, who since that time has lived chiefly in retirement. The war with France will draw him once more to the side of his sovereign, who has never found him wanting in times of emergency. King William will find his prompt counsel and unhesitating decision invaluable in the present contest, opposed to such a nation as France.

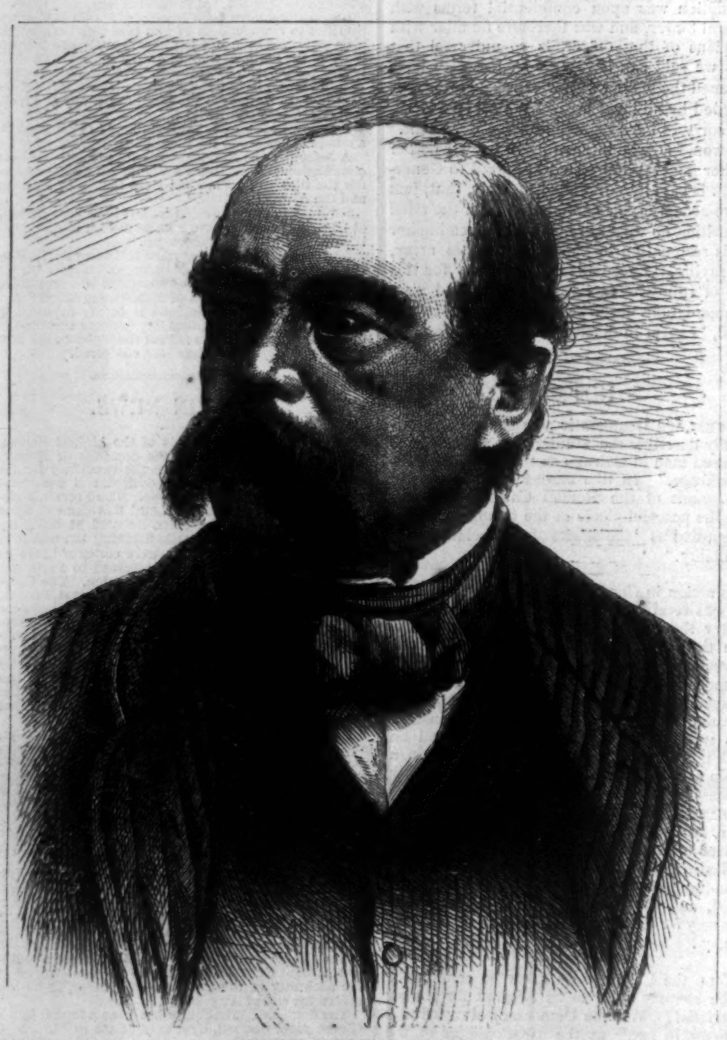
GENERAL LEBŒUF.

On the death of Marshal Niel, in 1869, General Lebœuf, commanding the Sixth Corps d'Armée, was appointed to succeed him as Minister of War; and when M. Ollivier reorganized the Cabinet early in the present year, General Lebœuf was retained in that important position.

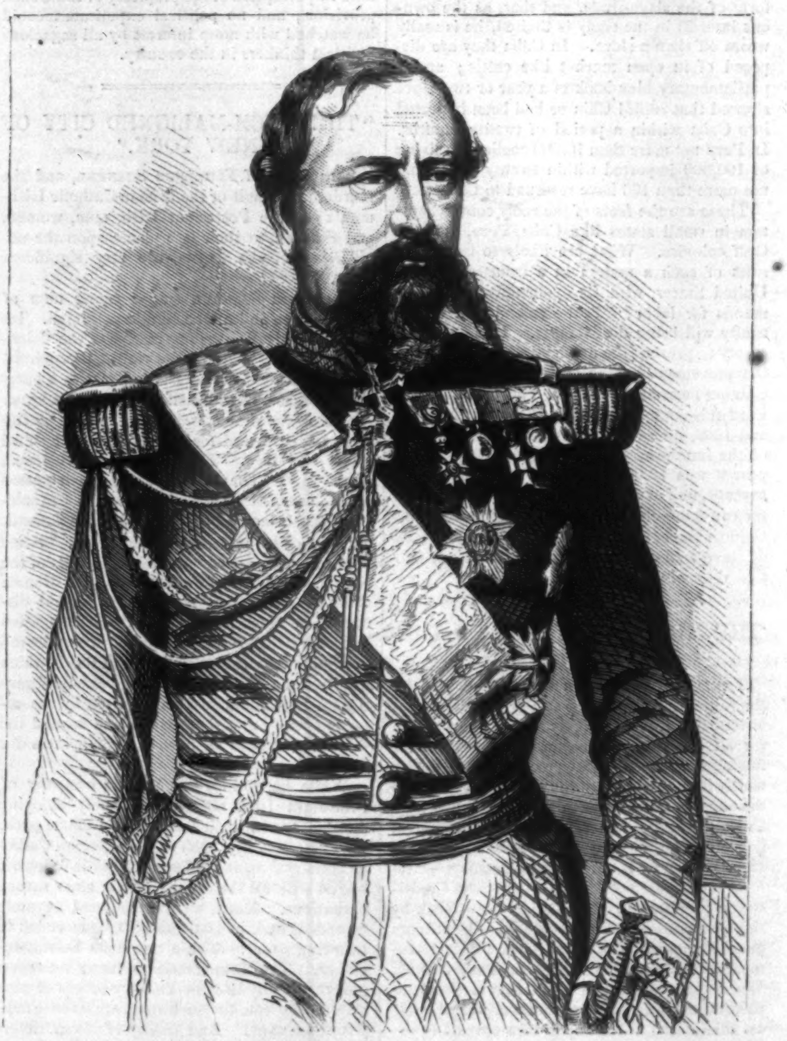
The General is said to be physically the biggest man in the French army. He was born in 1809, and entered the service through the Polytechnic School, and the École d'Application of Metz, whence he emerged a full-blown Lieutenant of artillery in 1833. His promotion was very rapid. His brilliant conduct at the engagement of the Iron Gates, in Algeria, attracted the attention of the Orleans princes, who took a leading part in that engagement, and he obtained his Captajncy in 1837. Like his predecessor, Marshal Niel, he distinguished himself greatly in many engagements, and was rapidly promoted. In 1854 he went to the Crimea as head of the artillery staff, with the rank of Major-General, and took a prominent part in the battle of the Alma. He was appointed Lieutenant-General in 1857, and two years later the whole of the artillery of the Italian expedition was placed under his supreme command. The French say but for his timely aid in bringing up an overwhelming number of guns to bear on the Austrian right, commanded by Benedek, Victor Emanuel's army at Solferino would have been crushed, and the position of the French army seriously compromised. He is said to possess great administrative ability.



NAPOLEON III., EMPEROR OF FRANCE.



COUNT OTTO VON BISMARCK.



GENERAL LEBŒUF, FRENCH SECRETARY OF WAR.

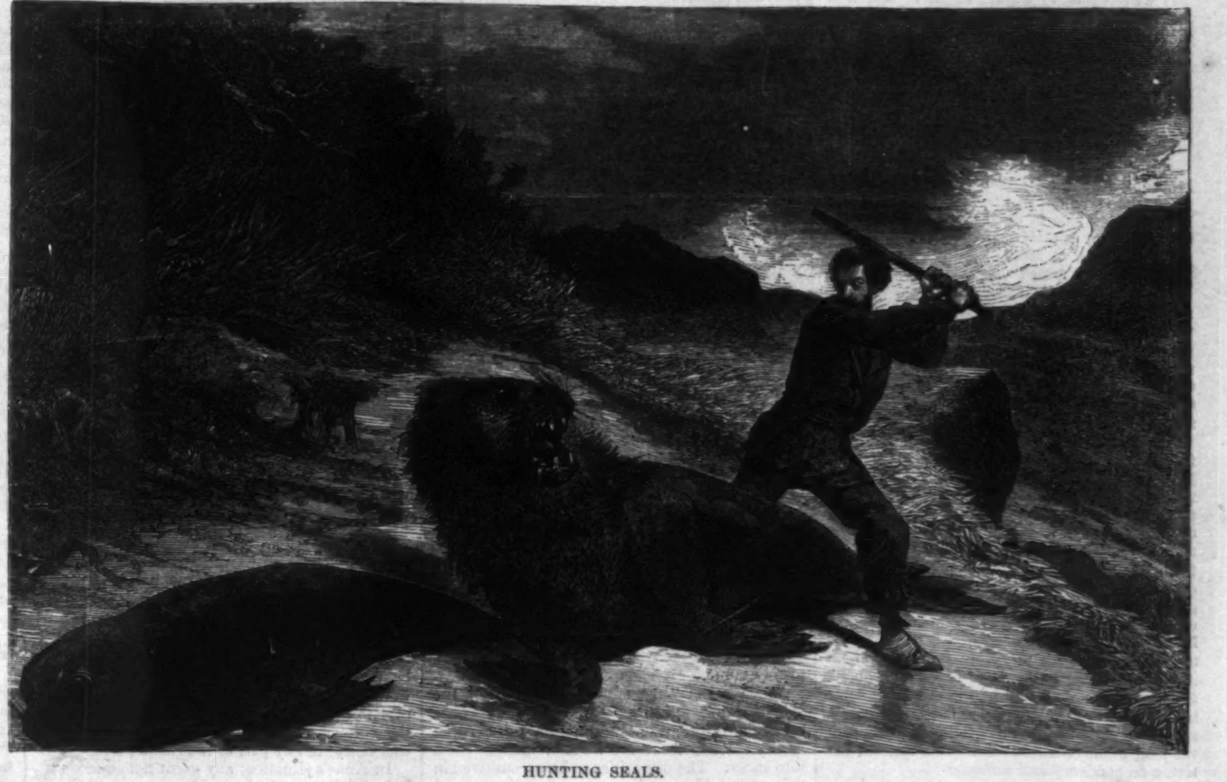
Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER VI.

Preparations for Winter.—Seal-Hunting Again.—An Aged Patriarch.—Exciting Chase.—A Violent Storm.—Repairing Damages.—Adventure with a Sea-Lioness.—A Dreadful Night.



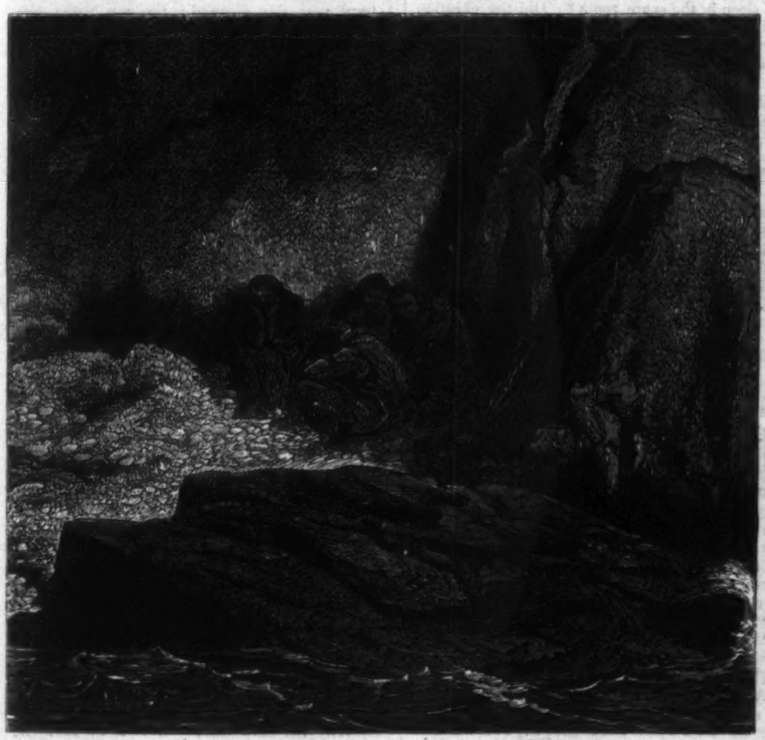
HUNTING SEALS.

The Auckland summer—that is, December, January, and February—was entirely gone before the cabin was finished, and the period of short days and long evenings and nights was coming on. The days were, in fact, scarcely long enough for the work which it was necessary to perform.

The work of procuring a sufficient quantity of wood involved a great deal of labor. The wood was very difficult to cut, being not only hard, but knotty and gnarled. The axe—their only one—had become extremely dull, and there was no means of sharpening it. Then the wood had to be brought from a considerable distance over the roughest and most impracticable ways. The first thing done in the morning, commencing as soon as it was light, was to attend to this duty.

The difficulty arising from the dullness of the axe became at length so serious that Mr. Raynal found it absolutely necessary to devise some means of overcoming it. He tried for a long time in vain to find some stone on the island that would answer the purpose of sharpening a tool. At length it occurred to him that the stones used for ballast on board their vessel were masses of a kind of sandstone which might perhaps be suitable. So he went on board, and after groping about for a time, up to his middle in water, in the dark hold, and feeling with his feet in the muddy sediment which had accumulated there, he at last found a stone which seemed to be of the proper size, and he finally succeeded in getting it up and carrying it ashore.

He then contrived to manufacture a kind of "cold-chisel" out of a bolt which he obtained from the vessel; and with this and his hammer he succeeded after a while in smoothing his stone at the sides and rounding it at the edge, so as to give it the required form. The hole through the centre gave him the greatest trouble; but he at last succeeded in overcoming this difficulty too. The grindstone thus made he contrived to mount between the trunks of two trees which grew close together near the cabin; and it served an excellent purpose in grinding the axe, and all the other tools, during the whole time of the stay of the party upon the island.



A DREADFUL NIGHT.

During the remainder of the day the great occupation of the men, when the weather allowed it, was making hunting expeditions after seals, the flesh of these animals being their chief reliance for food. In these excursions they met with a great variety of adventures, and were often exposed to extreme hardship and danger.

On one occasion, soon after they moved into the cabin, they took their boat, and, leaving the one whose turn it was to attend to the housekeeping at home, they set off across the bay to hunt for seals on an island which they had named Figure Eight, from its form. They found, on their arrival at a certain part of the island, a great number of young seals together, engaged like so many kittens at play. Their mothers were among them, and in the centre was a very large and apparently old seal, who had the air and appearance of an aged patriarch witnessing with pleasure the gambols of his children.

The hunters advanced cautiously and by stealth toward this group, and watched them for a moment, without allowing themselves to be seen. The old seal, besides other appearances indicating age, opened his mouth once or twice, and showed that his teeth were nearly all gone. His countenance wore that mild, gentle, intelligent, and almost human expression, so characteristic of the species. The hunters, or, at least, Mr. Raynal, felt some compunction at the thought of murderously breaking into this charming domestic scene with slaughter and death. But their own wants were imperious, and they prepared for the attack.

In the mean time the old seal—they afterward named him the Royal Tom—spied them, looked alarmed, and came forward to meet them, growling in a subdued voice. The hunters immediately sprang forward, and, with their clubs, knocked down the young seals as fast as they could reach them. They killed seven. They then gave all the clubs to Harry, so as to have, each of them, except Harry, two hands free. Each of them seized two of the young seals by the tail, and ran for the boat. Harry followed, with the clubs under one arm and a seal in the hand of the other. This was done so promptly that the old seals could not move quick enough to intercept them. The men pushed the boat off from the shore, and rowed for their lives—Royal Tom and the bereaved mothers following after them, and growling and bellowing for their young.

The distress of the poor mothers was painful to witness. They followed hard after the boat, and one of them, coming up alongside, leaped out of the water in an attempt to get on board. The men were wet with the spray which her fall back into the water threw up into their faces. At last Mr. Raynal, seriously alarmed for the safety of the boat, fired at them. The report of the gun frightened them off. They gave up the chase, and returned disconsolate to the shore.

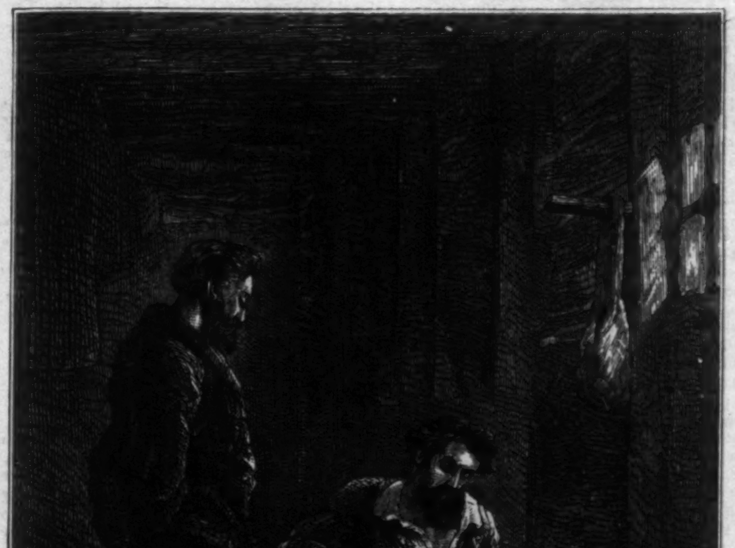
By this and some other successful expeditions they procured a store of food somewhat in advance of their wants; and, anticipating the possibility of scarcity to come, they took measures to cure and preserve a portion of their supply. They accordingly cut up the flesh of these young seals, to be packed with salt in a cask; and afterward, when they thought them sufficiently salted, suspended them to the roof of their cabin. In this way they succeeded in curing and preserving a large quantity of food.

It was necessary for them to have some supply of food in store, for the stormy season was coming on, and it was to be expected that their hunting expeditions would sometimes be interrupted by the weather. Indeed, toward the end of March, there came on a terrific storm, which lasted many days, and made it impossible for them to do any thing out of doors. The wind blew almost a hurricane, and was accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning, with storms of hail, and sometimes with deluging torrents of rain. The trees were stripped of their leaves and of many of their branches by the gale. Fortunately the cabin held its ground securely, and was not damaged.

The party made an excursion in their boat, as soon as the storm subsided, to examine the signal pole, which, it will be remembered, they had set up on the shore at the entrance of the bay. They found the pole standing, but the flag had entirely disappeared. Even the bottle had been carried away. They found it at some distance from the pole, lying on the ground and half covered with leaves and rubbish.

They at once went to work to make and set up a new signal, out of materials which they had brought with them, in anticipation of the emergency. They replaced the flag with a board, which they thought they could make more secure. This board was whitened by means of a pigment made of chalk and seal-oil; and Mr. Raynal had painted a large N upon it, in black, which letter was intended to denote the direction in which persons observing the signal must go to find the shipwrecked men. They fixed this signal in a new place, fastening the board between two poles set up in a place such as would bring the board in full relief against a dark background formed by the side of a mountain, and thus, as they hoped, would make it conspicuously visible from vessels in the offing.

The violence and the duration of this storm made the party feel more than ever the necessity of having a store of provisions in reserve; and accordingly, immediately after it was over, and they had returned from replacing their signal,



SUCCESS AT LAST.

they went again to Figure Eight in search of seals. This expedition was very successful, and the stores were replenished by it for a considerable time. But as the season advanced, and the days grew shorter and the cold more severe, they often made long and very fatiguing excursions almost or entirely in vain. On one of these nearly fruitless expeditions they were out all night, and suffered severely. It was early in May—a month which, with them, corresponded with our November. They set out a short time before noon, the early part of the day having been occupied in bringing in wood and in other similar duties. They left Harry at home, it being his turn that week to attend to the housekeeping. The other four, armed with their clubs, left the cabin together. Their destination was the isthmus which connected the Musgrave Peninsula with the main land, hoping to find seals there.

They spent some hours in scrambling over the sharp and rugged rocks which encumbered the shore on their way. At length they reached the spot, but, after a long and wearisome search, not a seal was to be seen.

Still they went on, looking every where in vain for signs of seals. At length night began to set in. It grew dark, and was freezing cold. They now regretted very much they were not safe at home in their cabin. They thought of Harry, and of the anxiety and distress which they knew he must suffer in watching all night in vain for their return. There was now no longer any possibility of their procuring any food, nor was there any shelter to be obtained except such small protection from the wind as might be found under the lee of the rocks. They were utterly disheartened and discouraged. They, however, groped about in the increasing darkness in search of a nook among the rocks which might afford them some semblance of shelter; and huddling together in such a corner when they had found it, they spent the long night of sixteen hours in a state of extreme despondency and suffering.

They thought the morning would never come; but it came at last, and with the earliest light they rose from their seats, cold, wet, their limbs benumbed, and their strength and spirits almost entirely exhausted.

The first thing was to go down among the rocks at the margin of the water, in search of mussels to eat, to save them from actual starvation. Having made a miserable breakfast in this way, they set out, weary and despondent, on their way home.

But the tide of their fortune was now to turn, for, unexpectedly, and to their great joy, they came upon a young sea-lion on their way. They were afraid to trust to their clubs, in attacking him, for fear that, in their weak and exhausted state, he might escape from them. So Mr. Raynal determined to expend a precious charge of his remaining store of ammunition upon him, and shot him through the head.

They reached home about noon, each one bearing a heavy portion of the seal. They had been absent thirty hours. Harry had been in such a state of distress and anxiety on account of their long absence that he wept like a child when he saw them return.

CHAPTER VII.

Signs of Another Encampment.—Making Shoes.—A Tannery.—Disheartening Failures.—Ultimate Success.

IN one of the excursions which the men made, in hunting for seals, they came, much to their astonishment, to a spot where there were marks of a little encampment, which, it was evident, some party had occupied not long before. There were traces of the place where a tent had been pitched, and a hole in the peaty ground, which had been made evidently by the fire. They judged, from the size of the hole and from some other indications, that the persons who had encamped there must have been a week or two in occupancy of the ground. They supposed it was a party of seamen from some whale-ship that had touched at the island, and the incident cheered and encouraged them very considerably, as showing that the islands were not so entirely out of the world but that they were sometimes visited by man; and their hopes of being rescued by some future chance-comers were brightened.

In process of time the men began to encounter a new source of trouble, which, for a while, threatened to lead to very serious, if not fatal, consequences. This difficulty was the want of shoes, or of any other protection for their feet, when climbing over the rough and stony ways which they were obliged continually to traverse. The shoes which they had brought with them were gradually wearing out, and, notwithstanding all their care of them and their diligence in doing all they could to mend them, they were fast becoming utterly unserviceable. For a time they tried to replace them with moccasins, made of new seal skins. But these were soon found to be inadequate substitutes for shoes. The skins were, in the first place, so soft and pliant that they afforded very little protection for the feet, even while they were whole; and in their natural state they were so tender that they were very soon and very easily torn by the sharp stones. Moreover, as the men had no means of curing them, they soon began to decay, when, of course, they were useless. Mr. Raynal at last conceived the idea of attempting to tan the skins, so as to make something like real leather.

He had before observed that the bark of the trees from which they obtained their wood for fuel seemed to have some astringent properties, which he supposed must be due to the vegetable principle called tannin, which is the chemical substance by the agency of which the skin of an animal is changed into leather. He accordingly chopped up a large quantity of this bark, and after boiling it in the great caldron, poured the liquid into a cask. Before the skins were put into this infusion, however, it was necessary that they should be cleansed from all their oily constituents. This was done by soaking them for a long time in a kind of lye formed from lime and ashes, the lime being procured by burning mussel-shells. The skins selected were of two kinds, some being those of very young seals, and intended to be used for making clothing, while the others, taken from older animals, and of course more thick and strong, were designed to be made into leather for shoes.

The skins having been left in the alkaline liquor for some time the oily constituents were converted into a soap, which was, of course, soluble, and then they were left some time in running water, and thus were thoroughly cleansed. The hair was taken off from those which were intended for shoes, while it was allowed to remain on those which were meant to be used for clothing. After leaving them all in the brook for some time, they were laid upon a flat floor, prepared for the purpose, and spread out smooth, one upon the other, in a pile. Boards were then placed upon the top, and heavy stones laid upon them, to subject the skins to pressure, in order to expel the water. They were then again put into the running brook for a second washing. When they were thought to be thoroughly cleansed they were immersed in the decoction of astringent bark to be tanned. It was necessary to leave them here many weeks. They were examined from time to time, and it was found that the process was going on as well, perhaps, as could be expected, but it was very slow. After some weeks the thinner and lighter skins could be taken out for use, but it was necessary to leave the thicker ones nearly all the winter before they were completely tanned.

When at length a sufficient number of the skins suitable for shoes were ready, they were taken out of the water and hung up in the cabin to dry. Then came the work of making them into shoes. The difficulties to be encountered in this undertaking were numerous, and some of them very embarrassing. First an awl was required. One was made from a sail-needle, set in a handle of hard wood. Then thread, to serve for "waxed ends." These were fabricated from the hemp of sail-cloth unraveled and twisted into threads of the right size, and tipped with bristles drawn from the mane of an old sea-lion. The whole party were occupied several evenings in making pegs, by sawing out blocks of wood of the proper size, by means of a saw made of an iron hoop, and then splitting the blocks up into pegs. Making the lasts to form the shoes upon was a matter of great difficulty. On the first trial, after a shoe had been formed over the last, the last could not be got out, and Mr. Raynal was obliged to rip his work open again to release it. He afterward made his last in two parts, with a wedge between, so that when the shoe was finished he could first withdraw the wedge, and then the other two parts could be easily removed.

At length, however, all the difficulties were surmounted, and Mr. Raynal succeeded in finishing an excellent pair of shoes. The others, having watched the progress of the work, followed his example, and in a short time they were all provided with somewhat rude, but very effectual, means of protection for their feet.

The shoemaking was succeeded by tailoring—the skins of the young seals, with the hair still upon them, being employed as the material for making the clothes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

(*Continued.*)

THE SIGNS OF THE END.

THERE was a supply of water to the cottage, on the upper floor. The bedroom jugs and cans, usually in their places at an earlier hour, were standing that night at the cistern. An empty pail was left near them. Directing the lad to bring him water from these resources, Geoffrey tore down the curtains in a flaming heap, partly on the bed and partly on the sofa near it. Using the can and the pail alternately, as the boy brought them, he drenched the bed and the sofa. It was all over in little more than a minute. The cottage was saved. But the bed-furniture was destroyed; and the room, as a matter of course, was rendered uninhabitable, for that night at least, and probably for more nights to come.

Geoffrey set down the empty pail; and, turning to Anne, pointed across the passage.

"You won't be much inconvenienced by this," he said. "You have only to shift your quarters to the spare room."

With the assistance of the lad, he moved Anne's boxes, and the chest of drawers, which had escaped damage, into the opposite room. This done, he cautioned her to be careful with her candles for the future—and went down stairs, without waiting to hear what she said in reply. The lad followed him, and was dismissed for the night.

Even in the confusion which attended the extinguishing of the fire, the conduct of Hester Dethridge had been remarkable enough to force itself on the attention of Anne.

She had come out from her bedroom, when the alarm was given; had looked at the flaming curtains; and had drawn back, stolidly submissive, into a corner to wait the event. There she had stood—to all appearance, utterly indifferent to the possible destruction of her own cottage. The fire extinguished, she still waited impenetrably in her corner, while the chest of drawers and the boxes were being moved—then locked the door, without even a passing glance at the scorched ceiling and the burned bed-furniture—put the key into her pocket—and went back to her room.

Anne had hitherto not shared the conviction felt by most other persons who were brought into contact with Hester Dethridge, that the woman's mind was deranged. After what she had just seen, however, the general impression became her impression too. She had thought of putting certain questions to Hester, when they were left together, as to the origin of the fire. Reflection decided her on saying nothing, for that night at least. She crossed the passage, and entered the spare room—the room which she had declined to occupy on her arrival at the cottage, and which she was obliged to sleep in now.

She was instantly struck by a change in the disposition of the furniture of the room.

The bed had been moved. The head—set, when she had last seen it, against the side wall of the cottage—was placed now against the partition wall which separated the room from Geoffrey's room. This new arrangement had evidently been effected with a settled purpose of some sort. The hook in the ceiling which supported the curtains (the bed, unlike the bed in the other room, having no canopy attached to it) had been moved so as to adapt itself to the change that had been made. The chairs and the wash-hand-stand, formerly placed against the partition wall, were now, as a matter of necessity, shifted over to the vacant space against the side wall of the cottage. For the rest, no other alteration was visible in any part of the room.

In Anne's situation, any event not immediately intelligible on the face of it, was an event to be distrusted. Was there a motive for the change in the position of the bed? And was it, by any chance, a motive in which she was concerned?

The doubt had barely occurred to her, before a startling suspicion succeeded it. Was there some secret purpose to be answered by making her sleep in the spare room? Did the question which the servant had heard Geoffrey put to Hester, on the previous night, refer to this? Had the fire which had so unaccountably caught the curtains in her own room, been, by any possibility, a fire purposely kindled, to force her out?

She dropped into the nearest chair, faint with horror, as those three questions forced themselves in rapid succession on her mind.

After waiting a little, she recovered self-possession enough to recognize the first plain necessity of putting her suspicions to the test. It was possible that her excited fancy had filled her with a purely visionary alarm. For all she knew to the contrary, there might be some undeniably sufficient reason for changing the position of the bed. She went out, and knocked at the door of Hester Dethridge's room.

"I want to speak to you," she said.

Hester came out. Anne pointed to the spare room, and led the way to it. Hester followed her.

"Why have you changed the place of the bed," she asked, "from the wall there, to the wall here?"

Stolidly submissive to the question, as she had been stolidly submissive to the fire, Hester Dethridge wrote her reply. On all other occasions she was accustomed to look the persons to whom she offered her slate steadily in the face. Now, for the first time, she handed it to Anne with her eyes on the floor. The one line written contained no direct answer: the words were these:

"I have meant to move it, for some time past."

"I ask you why you have moved it."

She wrote these four words on the slate: "The wall is damp."

Anne looked at the wall. There was no sign of damp on the paper. She passed her hand over it. Feel where she might, the wall was dry.

"That is not your reason," she said.

Hester stood immovable.

"There is no dampness in the wall."

Hester pointed persistently with her pencil to the four words, still without looking up—waited a moment for Anne to read them again—and left the room.

It was plainly useless to call her back. Anne's first impulse when she was alone again was to secure the door. She not only locked it, but bolted it at top and bottom. The mortise of the lock and the staples of the bolts, when she tried them, were firm. The lurking treachery—wherever else it might be—was not in the fastenings of the door.

She looked all round the room; examining the fire-place, the window and its shutters, the interior of the wardrobe, the hidden space under the bed. Nothing was any where to be discovered which could justify the most timid person living in feeling suspicion or alarm.

Appearances, fair as they were, failed to convince her. The presentiment of some hidden treachery, steadily getting nearer and nearer to her in the dark, had rooted itself firmly in her mind. She sat down, and tried to trace her way back to the clew, through the earlier events of the day.

The effort was fruitless: nothing definite, nothing tangible, rewarded it. Worse still, a new doubt grew out of it—a doubt whether the motive which Sir Patrick had avowed (through Blanche) was the motive for helping her which was really in his mind.

Did he sincerely believe Geoffrey's conduct to be animated by no worse object than a mercenary object? and was his only purpose in planning to remove her out of her husband's reach, to force Geoffrey's consent to their separation on the terms which Julius had proposed? Was this really the sole end that he had in view? or was he secretly convinced (knowing Anne's position as he knew it) that she was in personal danger at the cottage? and had he considerately kept that conviction concealed, in the fear that he might otherwise encourage her to feel alarmed about herself? She looked round the strange room, in the silence of the night, and she felt that the latter interpretation was the likeliest interpretation of the two.

The sounds caused by the closing of the doors and windows reached her from the ground-floor. What was to be done?

It was impossible to show the signal which had been agreed on to Sir Patrick and Arnold. The window in which they expected to see it was the window of the room in which the fire had broken out—the room which Hester Dethridge had locked up for the night.

It was equally hopeless to wait until the policeman passed on his beat, and to call for help. Even if she could prevail upon herself to make that open acknowledgment of distrust under her husband's roof, and even if help was near, what valid reason could she give for raising an alarm? There was not the shadow of a reason to justify any one in placing her under the protection of the law.

As a last resource, impelled by her blind distrust of the change in the position of the bed, she attempted to move it. The utmost exertion of her strength did not suffice to stir the heavy piece of furniture out of its place, by so much as a hair's breadth.

There was no alternative but to trust to the security of the locked and bolted door, and to keep watch through the night—certain that Sir Patrick and Arnold were, on their part, also keeping watch in the near neighborhood of the cottage. She took out her work and her books; and returned to her chair, placing it near the table, in the middle of the room.

The last noises which told of life and movement about her died away. The breathless stillness of the night closed round her.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

THE MEANS.

THE new day dawned; the sun rose; the household was astir again. Inside the spare room, and outside the spare room, nothing had happened.

At the hour appointed for leaving the cottage to pay the promised visit to Holchester House, Hester Dethridge and Geoffrey were alone together in the bedroom in which Anne had passed the night.

"She's dressed, and waiting for me in the front garden," said Geoffrey. "You wanted to see me here alone. I've got away from her for a minute or two. What is it?"

Hester pointed to the bed.

"You want it moved from the wall?"

Hester nodded her head.

They moved the bed some feet away from the partition wall. After a momentary pause, Geoffrey spoke again.

"It must be done to-night," he said. "Her friends may interfere; the girl may come back. It must be done to-night."

Hester bowed her head slowly.

"How long do you want to be left by yourself in the house?"

She held up three of her fingers.

"Does that mean three hours?"

She nodded her head.

"Will it be done in that time?"

She made the affirmative sign once more.

Thus far, she had never lifted her eyes to his. In her manner of listening to him when he spoke, in the slightest movement that she made when necessity required it, the same lifeless submission to him, the same mute horror of him, was expressed. He had, thus far, silently resented this, on his side. On the point of leaving the room the restraint which he had laid on himself gave way. For the first time, he resented it in words.

"Why the devil can't you look at me?" he asked.

She let the question pass, without a sign to show that she had heard him. He angrily repeated it. She wrote on her slate, and held it out to him—still without raising her eyes to his face.

"You know you can speak," he said. "You know I have found you out. What's the use of playing the fool with *me?*"

She persisted in holding the slate before him. He read these words:

"I am dumb to you, and blind to you. Let me be."

"Let you be!" he repeated. "It's a little late in the day to be scrupulous, after what you have done. Do you want your Confession back, or not?"

As the reference to the Confession passed his lips, she raised her head. A faint tinge of color showed itself on her livid cheeks; a momentary spasm of pain stirred her deathlike face. The one last interest left in the woman's life was the interest of recovering the manuscript which had been taken from her. To *that* appeal the stunned intelligence still faintly answered—and to no other.

"Remember the bargain on your side," Geoffrey went on, "and I'll remember the bargain on mine. This is how it stands, you know. I have read your Confession; and I find one thing wanting. You don't tell how it was done. I know you smothered him—but I don't know how. I want to know. You're dumb; and you can't tell me. You must do it again here, as you did it in the other house. You run no risks. There isn't a soul to see you. You have got the place to yourself. When I come back let me find this wall like the other wall—at that small hour of the morning you know, when you were waiting, with the towel in your hand, for the first stroke of the clock. Let me find that; and to-morrow you shall have your Confession in your own hands."

As the reference to the Confession passed his lips for the second time, the sinking energy in the woman leaped up in her once more. She snatched her slate from her side; and, writing on it rapidly, held it, with both hands, close under his eyes. He read these words:

"I won't wait. I must have it to-night."

"Do you think I keep your Confession about me?" said Geoffrey. "I haven't even got it in the house."

She staggered back; and looked up for the first time.

"Don't alarm yourself," he went on. "It's sealed up with my seal; and it's safe in my bankers' keeping. I posted it to them myself. You don't stick at a trifle, Mrs. Dethridge. If I had kept it locked up in the house, you might have forced the lock when my back was turned. If I had kept it about me—I might have had that towel over my face, in the small hours of the morning! The bankers will give you back your Confession—just as they have received it from me—on receipt of an order in my handwriting. Do what I have told you; and you shall have the order to-night."

She passed her apron over her face, and drew a long breath of relief. Geoffrey turned to the door.

"I will be back at six this evening," he said. "Shall I find it done?"

She bowed her head.

His first condition accepted, he proceeded to the second.

"When the opportunity offers," he resumed, "I shall go up to my room. When you hear me ring the dining-room bell you will follow me up—and you will show me how you did it in the empty house?"

She made the affirmative sign once more.

At the same moment the door in the passage below was opened and closed again. Geoffrey instantly went down stairs. It was possible that Anne might have forgotten something; and it was necessary to prevent her from returning to her own room.

They met in the passage.

"Tired of waiting in the garden?" he asked, abruptly.

She pointed to the dining-room.

"The postman has just given me a letter for you, through the grating in the gate," she answered. "I have put it on the table in there."

He went in. The handwriting on the address of the letter was the handwriting of Mrs. Glenarm. He put it unread into his pocket, and went back to Anne.

"Step out!" he said. "We shall lose the train."

They started for their visit to Holchester House.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

THE END.

AT a few minutes before six o'clock that evening, Lord Holchester's carriage brought Geoffrey and Anne back to the cottage.

Geoffrey prevented the servant from ringing at the gate. He had taken the key with him, when he left home earlier in the day. Having admitted Anne, and having closed the gate again, he went on before her to the kitchen window, and called to Hester Dethridge.

"Take some cold water into the drawing-room, and fill the vase on the chimney-piece," he said. "The sooner you put those flowers into water," he added, turning to his wife, "the longer they will last."

He pointed, as he spoke, to a nosegay in Anne's hand, which Julius had gathered for her from the conservatory at Holchester House. Leaving her to arrange the flowers in the vase, he went up stairs. After waiting for a moment, he was joined by Hester Dethridge.

"Done?" he asked, in a whisper.

Hester made the affirmative sign. Geoffrey took off his boots, and led the way into the spare room. They noiselessly moved the bed back to its place against the partition wall—and left the room again. When Anne entered it, some minutes afterward, not the slightest change of any kind was visible since she had last seen it in the middle of the day.

She removed her bonnet and mantle, and sat down to rest.

The whole course of events, since the previous night, had tended one way, and had exerted the same delusive influence over her mind. It was impossible for her any longer to resist the conviction that she had distrusted appearances without the slightest reason, and that she had permitted purely visionary suspicions to fill her with purely causeless alarm. In the firm belief that she was in danger, she had watched through the night—and nothing had happened. In the confident anticipation that Geoffrey had promised what he was resolved not to perform, she had waited to see what excuse he would find for keeping her at the cottage. And, when the time came for the visit, she found him ready to fulfill the engagement which he had made. At Holchester House, not the slightest interference had been attempted with her perfect liberty of action and speech. Resolved to inform Sir Patrick that she had changed her room, she had described the alarm of fire and the events which had succeeded it, in the fullest detail—and had not been once checked by Geoffrey from beginning to end. She had spoken in confidence to Blanche, and had never been interrupted. Walking round the conservatory, she had dropped behind the others with perfect impunity, to say a grateful word to Sir Patrick, and to ask if the interpretation that he placed on Geoffrey's conduct was really the interpretation which had been hinted at by Blanche. They had talked together for ten minutes or more. Sir Patrick had assured her that Blanche had correctly represented his opinion. He had declared his conviction that the rash way was, in her case, the right way; and that she would do well (with his assistance) to take the initiative, in the matter of the separation, on herself. "As long as he can keep you under the same roof with him"—Sir Patrick had said—"so long he will speculate on our anxiety to release you from the oppression of living with him; and so long he will hold out with his brother (in the character of a penitent husband) for higher terms. Put the signal in the window, and try the experiment to-night. Once find your way to the garden door, and I answer for keeping you safely out of his reach until he has submitted to the separation, and has signed the deed." In those words, he had urged Anne to prompt action. He had received, in return, her promise to be guided by his advice. She had gone back to the drawing-room; and Geoffrey had made no remark on her absence. She had returned to Fulham, alone with him in his brother's carriage; and he had asked no questions. What was it natural, with her means of judging, to infer from all this? Could she see into Sir Patrick's mind, and detect that he was deliberately concealing his own conviction, in the fear that he might paralyze her energies if he acknowledged the alarm for her that he really felt? No. She could only accept the false appearances that surrounded her in the disguise of truth. She could only adopt, in good faith, Sir Patrick's assumed point of view, and believe, on the evidence of her own observation, that Sir Patrick was right.

Toward dusk, Anne began to feel the exhaustion which was the necessary result of a night passed without sleep. She rang her bell, and asked for some tea.

Hester Dethridge answered the bell. Instead of making the usual sign, she stood considering—and then wrote on her slate. These were the words: "I have all the work to do, now the girl has gone. If you would have your tea in the drawing-room, you would save me another journey up stairs."

Anne at once engaged to comply with the request.

"Are you ill?" she asked; noticing, faint as the light now was, something strangely altered in Hester's manner.

Without looking up, Hester shook her head.

"Has any thing happened to vex you?"

The negative sign was repeated.

"Have I offended you?"

She suddenly advanced a step; suddenly looked at Anne; checked herself with a dull moan, like a moan of pain; and hurried out of the room.

Concluding that she had inadvertently said, or done, something to offend Hester Dethridge, Anne determined to return to the subject at the first favorable opportunity. In the mean time, she descended to the ground-floor. The dining-room door, standing wide open, showed her Geoffrey sitting at the table, writing a letter—with the fatal brandy-bottle at his side.

After what Mr. Speedwell had told her, it was her duty to interfere. She performed her duty, without an instant's hesitation.

"Pardon me for interrupting you," she said. "I think you have forgotten what Mr. Speedwell told you about that."

She pointed to the bottle. Geoffrey looked at it; looked down again at his letter; and impatiently shook his head. She made a second attempt at remonstrance—again without effect. He only said, "All right!" in lower tones than were customary with him, and continued his occupation. It was useless to court a third repulse. Anne went into the drawing-room.

The letter on which he was engaged was an answer to the letter received that day from Mrs. Glenarm. He had reached his two concluding sentences when Anne spoke to him. They ran as follows: "I may have news to bring you, before long, which you don't look for. Stay where you are through to-morrow, and wait to hear from me."

After sealing the envelope, he emptied his glass of brandy and water; and waited, looking through the open door. When Hester Dethridge crossed the passage with the tea-tray, and entered the drawing-room, he gave the sign which had been agreed on. He rang his bell. Hester came out again, closing the drawing-room door behind her.

"Is she safe at her tea?" he asked, removing his heavy boots, and putting on the slippers which were placed ready for him.

Hester bowed her head.

He pointed up the stairs. "You go first," he whispered. "No nonsense! and no noise!"

She ascended the stairs. He followed slowly. Although he had only drank one glass of brandy and water, his step was uncertain already. With one hand on the wall, and one hand on the banister, he made his way to the top; stopped, and listened for a moment; then joined Hester in his own room, and softly locked the door.

"Well?" he said.

She was standing motionless in the middle of the room—not like a living woman—like a machine waiting to be set in movement. Finding it useless to speak to her, he touched her (with a strange sensation of shrinking in him as he did it), and pointed to the partition wall.

The touch roused her. With slow step and vacant face—moving as if she was walking in her sleep—she led the way to the papered wall; knelt down at the skirting-board; and, taking out two small sharp nails, lifted up a long strip of the paper which had been detached from the plaster beneath. Mounting on a chair, she turned back the strip and pinned it up, out of the way, using the two nails, which she had kept ready in her hand.

By the last dim rays of twilight, Geoffrey looked at the wall.

A hollow space met his view. At a distance of some three feet from the floor, the laths had been sawn away, and the plaster had been ripped out, piecemeal, so as to leave a cavity, sufficient in height and width to allow free power of working in any direction, to a man's arms. The cavity completely pierced the substance of the wall. Nothing but the paper on the other side prevented eye or hand from penetrating into the next room.

Hester Dethridge got down from the chair, and made signs for a light.

Geoffrey took a match from the box. The same strange uncertainty which had already possessed his feet, appeared now to possess his hands. He struck the match too heavily against the sand-paper, and broke it. He tried another, and struck it too lightly to kindle the flame. Hester took the box out of his hands. Having lit the candle, she held it low, and pointed to the skirting-board.

Two little hooks were fixed into the floor, near the part of the wall from which the paper had been removed. Two lengths of fine and strong string were twisted once or twice round the hooks. The loose ends of the string, extending to some length beyond the twisted parts, were neatly coiled away against the skirting-board. The other ends, drawn tight, disappeared in two small holes drilled through the wall, at a height of a foot from the floor.

After first untwisting the strings from the hooks, Hester rose, and held the candle so as to light the cavity in the wall. Two more pieces of the fine string were seen here, resting loose upon the uneven surface which marked the lower boundary of the hollowed space. Lifting these higher strings, Hester lifted the loosened paper in the next room—the lower strings, which had previously held the strip firm and flat against the sound portion of the wall, working in their holes, and allowing the paper to move up freely. As it rose higher and higher, Geoffrey saw thin strips of cotton wool lightly attached, at intervals, to the back of the paper, so as effectually to prevent it from making a grating sound against the wall. Up and up it came slowly, till it could be pulled through the hollow space, and pinned up out of the way, as the strip previously lifted had been pinned before it. Hester drew back, and made way for Geoffrey to look through. There was Anne's room, visible through the wall! He softly parted the light curtains that hung over the bed. There was the pillow, on which her head would rest at night, within reach of his hands!

The deadly dexterity of it struck him cold. His nerves gave way. He drew back with a start of guilty fear, and looked round the room. A pocket flask of brandy lay on the table at his bedside. He snatched it up, and emptied it at a draught—and felt like himself again.

He beckoned to Hester to approach him.

"Before we go any further," he said, "there's one thing I want to know. How is it all to be put right again? Suppose this room is examined? Those strings will show."

Hester opened a cupboard and produced a jar. She took out the cork. There was a mixture inside which looked like glue. Partly by signs, and partly by help of the slate, she showed how the mixture could be applied to the back of the loosened strip of paper in the next room—how the paper could be glued to the sound lower part of the wall by tightening the strings—how the strings, having served that purpose, could be safely removed—how the same process could be followed in Geoffrey's room, after the hollowed place had been filled up again with the materials waiting in the scullery, or even without filling up the hollowed place if the time failed for doing it. In either case, the refastened paper would hide every thing, and the wall would tell no tales.

Geoffrey was satisfied. He pointed next to the towels in his room.

"Take one of them," he said, "and show me how you did it, with your own hands."

As he said the words, Anne's voice reached his ear from below, calling for "Mrs. Dethridge."

It was impossible to say what might happen next. In another minute, she might go up to her room, and discover every thing. Geoffrey pointed to the wall.

"Put it right again," he said. "Instantly!"

It was soon done. All that was necessary was to let the two strips of paper drop back into their places—to fasten the strip to the wall in Anne's room, by tightening the two lower strings—and then to replace the nails which held the loose strip on Geoffrey's side. In a minute, the wall had reassumed its customary aspect.

They stole out, and looked over the stairs into the passage below. After calling uselessly for the second time, Anne appeared; crossed over to the kitchen; and, returning again with the kettle in her hand, closed the drawing-room door.

Hester Dethridge waited impenetrably to receive her next directions. There were no further directions to give. The hideous dramatic representation of the woman's crime for which Geoffrey had asked was in no respect necessary: the means were all prepared, and the manner of using them was self-evident. Nothing but the opportunity, and the resolution to profit by it, were wanting to lead the way to the end. Geoffrey signed to Hester to go down stairs.

"Get back into the kitchen," he said, "before she comes out again. I shall keep in the garden. When she goes up into her room for the night, show yourself at the back-door—and I shall know."

Hester set her foot on the first stair—stopped—turned round—and looked slowly along the two walls of the passage, from end to end—shuddered—shook her head—and went slowly on down the stairs.

"What were you looking for?" he whispered after her.

She neither answered, nor looked back—she went her way into the kitchen.

He waited a minute, and then followed her.

On his way out to the garden, he went into the dining-room. The moon had risen; and the window-shutters were not closed. It was easy to find the brandy and the jug of water on the table. He mixed the two, and emptied the tumbler at a draught. "My head's queer," he whispered to himself. He passed his handkerchief over his face. "How infernally hot it is to-night!" He made for the door. It was open, and plainly visible—and yet, he failed to find his way to it. Twice, he found himself trying to walk through the wall, on either side. The third time, he got out, and reached the garden. A strange sensation possessed him, as he walked round and round. He had not drunk enough, or nearly enough, to intoxicate him. His mind, in a dull way, felt the same as usual; but his body was like the body of a drunken man.

The night advanced; the clock of Putney Church struck ten.

Anne appeared again from the drawing-room, with her bedroom candle in her hand.

"Put out the lights," she said to Hester, at the kitchen door; "I am going up stairs."

She entered her room. The insupportable sense of weariness, after the sleepless night that she had passed, weighed more heavily on her than ever. She locked her door, but forbore, on this occasion, to fasten the bolts. The dread of danger was no longer present to her mind; and there was this positive objection to using the bolts, that the unfastening of them would increase the difficulty of leaving the room noiselessly later in the night. She loosened her dress, and lifted her hair from her temples—and paced to and fro in the room wearily, thinking. Geoffrey's habits were irregular; Hester seldom went to bed early. Two hours at least—more probably three—must pass, before it would be safe to communicate with Sir Patrick by means of the signal in the window. Her strength was fast failing her. If she persisted, for the next three hours, in denying herself the repose which she sorely needed, the chances were that her nerves might fail her, through sheer exhaustion, when the time came for facing the risk and making the effort to escape. Sleep was falling on her even now—and sleep she must have. She had no fear of failing to wake at the needful time. Falling asleep, with a special necessity for rising at a given hour present to her mind, Anne (like most other sensitively organized people) could trust herself to wake at that given hour, instinctively. She put her lighted candle in a safe position, and laid down on the bed. In less than five minutes, she was in a deep sleep.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LAWYERS have a ludicrous habit of identifying themselves with their clients by speaking in the plural number. "Gentlemen of the jury," said a Western lawyer, "at the moment the policeman says he saw us in the trap, I will prove that we were locked up in the station-house in a state of intoxication."

THE LADY'S SUPPLEMENT—The chignon.

Haydn had the weakness of being unable to bear being represented as an old man. When he was about seventy-eight years old he was very seriously angry with a painter who represented him as he then was. "If I was Haydn when I was forty," said he to him, "why would you transmit to posterity a Haydn of seventy-eight? Neither you nor I gain by the alteration."

A ragged little urchin, begging in the street the other day, was asked by a lady, who filled his basket, if his parents were living. "Only dad, marm," said the boy. "Then you have enough in your basket to feed the family for some time," said the lady. "Oh no, I haven't neither," said the lad; "for dad and me keep five boarders. He does the house-work, and I do the market'n'."

A POST MORTEM EXAMINATION—Opening a dead letter.

QUACKERY.—"Ma'am," said a quack to a nervous old lady, "your case is a scrutuatutory complaint." "Pray, doctor, what is that?" "It is the drooping of the nerves, ma'am; the nerves having fallen into the pizarintum, the chest becomes morberous, and the head goes tizarizen." "Ah! doctor," exclaimed the old lady, "you have described my feelings exactly."

The artless generosity of youth is illustrated in an incident told of a little Albany boy, his face besmeared with molasses, and his rags fluttering in the breeze, running up from the river flourishing a dirty shingle, and screaming at the top of his voice to a comrade: "Oh, Bill! Bill! get as many boys and shingles as you can, for there's a big hogsit of 'lasses busted on the pavement—busted all to smash!"

DISAGREEABLE AND IMPERTINENT—Ruin staring a person in the face.

THE MOST STEADFAST FOLLOWERS OF OUR FORTUNES—Our creditors.

Mankind should learn temperance from the moon—the fuller she gets, the shorter her horns become.

When is a Chinese the most like a vegetable?—Why, when a cue cumbers his head, of course.

A voice comes from Washington Territory, saying, "Send us wives!" And a thousand unhappy Benedicts respond, "Take ours!"

"Mr. S——, is your customer D—— a man to be trusted?" "I know of no one more so. He is to be trusted forever—he never pays."

A paper out West has for its motto: "Good-will to all men who pay promptly. Devoted to news, and making money."

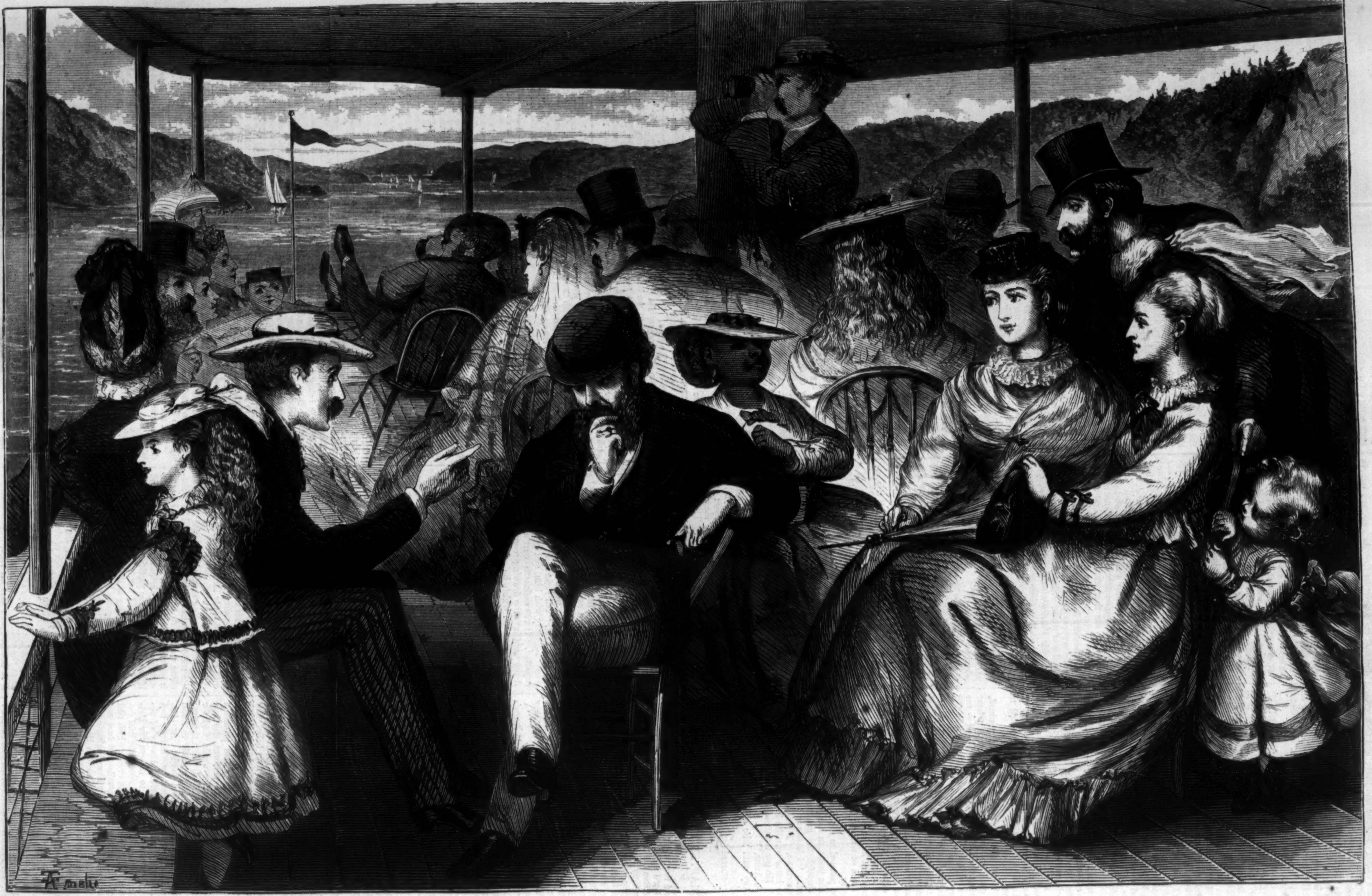
Josh Billings says: "Hunting after fame iz like hunting after fleas—hard to ketch, and sure to make you oneasy if you do or don't ketch him."

A man in Portland wanted to gain admission to a panorama at half price, on the ground that he had but one eye.

A man in Council Bluffs is both a liquor-saloon keeper and an undertaker. One business helps the other.

A passenger on an Ohio railroad was aroused from a serene slumber the other night by the tooting of the whistle, and exclaimed, "The train has caught up with those cattle again!"

"Bill Jones," said a bullying urchin to another lad, "next time I catch you alone I'll flog you like any thing." "Well," replied Bill, "I ain't often much alone—I commonly have my legs and fists with me."



UP THE HUDSON.—Drawn by A. E. Emslie.—[See Page 489.]

UP THE HUDSON.

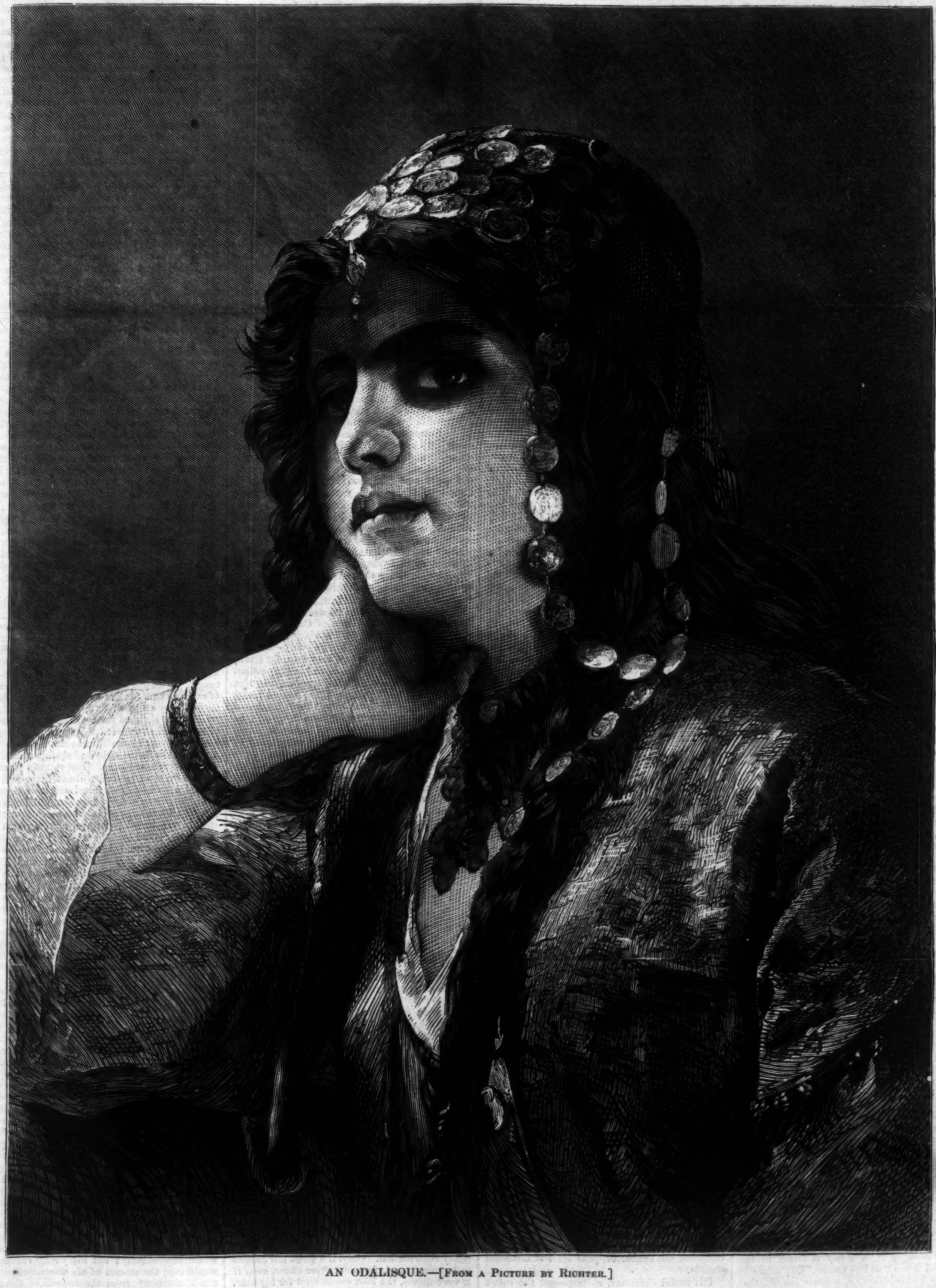
A FEW years ago an honest and truly democratic gentleman from one of the Western States, who then represented this country at the court of Berlin, sat on the deck of a Rhine steamer, and listened, with undisguised uneasiness, to the rapturously expressed delight of a young American lady as they steamed by ruin after ruin. At length a rather slighting allusion to the Hudson, and the absence of romantic ruins on its banks, roused the old gentleman to an honest and quite amusing outburst of indignation against what he was pleased to call an un-American fancy for old tumble-down heaps of stone. "For my part," said he, "I can't see any beauty in them. Here we've been traveling 'most a week, and I've been dragged here and dragged there to look at ruins, until I'm fairly homesick for the sight of a good new barn."

The practical old gentleman undoubtedly felt what he said; but the romantic delight of the young lady was no less genuine, and her preference for the Rhine over the Hudson is a sentiment shared by thousands of Americans, who yet are not insensible to the magnificence and beauty of our own river. And every one, we fancy, who takes the sail illustrated by our artist, receives ten times the enjoyment from those portions of the river which the genius of IRVING, RODMAN DRAKE, and HALLECK has illuminated, or which were the scene of some memorable action of the old Indian wars or the struggle for independence, than from the showiest and most expensive villas that adorn its shores.

Leaving out the romantic element of ruins and legends, there is nowhere in the world a more beautiful and enjoyable sail than that up the Hudson from New York to Albany. The Palisades and Highlands, and especially the bold scenery about West Point, present views unsurpassed in any part of the world. Even the famous scenery of the Rhine is less picturesque, with the exception of passages near St. Goar and Bingen; and those who enjoy landscape beauty for its own sake, will find here the most lovely combinations of water, hill, mountain, rocky cliffs, and verdure-clad slopes; and perhaps, for the sake of all this, almost any one might consent to overlook the absence of what is associated with the greatest wrongs as well as the most exalted virtues of the ancient time.

AN ODALISQUE.

THE engraving from RICHTER's beautiful picture of an Oriental slave girl, which we give on this page, requires only a word of explanation.



AN ODALISQUE.—[FROM A PICTURE BY RICHTER.]

An "odalisque," or, as it is sometimes written, *odah-lic*, is a female slave in the harem of the Turkish Sultan, the name being derived from the Turkish word *odah*, signifying chamber. They are selected from among the most beautiful of the slaves brought to Constantinople, and are changed at the caprice of the Sultan, whose taste in such matters is said to be very fickle and changeable.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

CAREW OF CROMPTON.

HAD you lived in Breakneckshire twenty years ago, or even any where in the Midlands, it would be superfluous to tell you of Carew of Crompton. Every body thereabout was acquainted with him either personally or by hearsay. You must almost certainly have known somebody who had had an adventure with that eccentric personage—one who had been ridden down by him, for that mighty hunter never turned to the right hand nor to the left for any man, nor paid attention to any rule of road; or one who, more fortunate, had been "cleared" by him on his famous black horse *Trebizond*, an animal only second to his master in the popular esteem. There are as many highly colored pictures of his performance of this flying feat in existence as there are of "Dick Turpin clearing the Turnpike-gate." Sometimes it is a small tradesman cowering down in his cart among the calves, while the gallant Squire hurtles over him with a "Stoop your head, butcher.". Sometimes it is a wagoner, reminding one of Commodore Trunnion's involuntary deed of "derring-do," who, between two high banks, perceives with marked astonishment this portent flying over himself and convoy. But, at all events, the thing was done; perhaps on more than one occasion, and was allowed on all hands not only as a fact, but as characteristic of their sporting idol. It was "Carew all over," or "Just like Carew."

This phrase was also applied to many other heroic actions. The idea of "keel-hauling," for instance, adapted from the nautical code, was said to be practically enforced in the case of duns, attorneys, and other objectionable persons, in the lake at Crompton; while the administration of pommelings to poachers and agriculturists generally, by the athletic Squire, was the theme of every tongue. These punishments, though severe, were much sought after by a certain class, the same to which the purchased free and independent voter belongs, for the clenched fist invariably became an open hand after it had done its work—a golden ointment, that is, was always applied after these inflictions, such as healed all wounds.

Carew of Crompton might at one time have been member for the county, if he had pleased; but he desired no seat except in the saddle, or on the driving-box. He showed such skill in riding, and with "the ribbons," that some persons supposed that his talents must be very considerable in other matters, and affected to regret their misuse; there were reports that he knew Latin better than his own chaplain; and was, or had been, so diligent a student of Holy Writ, that he could give you chapter and verse for every thing. But it must be allowed that others were not wanting to whisper that these traits of scholarship were greatly exaggerated, and that all the wonder lay in the fact that the Squire knew any thing of such matters at all; nay, a few even ventured to express their opinion that, but for his recklessness and his money, there was nothing more remarkable in Carew than in other spendthrifts; but this idea was never mooted within twenty miles of Crompton. The real truth is, that the time was unsuitable to the display of the Squire's particular traits. He would have been an eminent personage had he been a Norman, and lived in the reign of King John. Even now, if he could have removed his establishment to Poland, and assumed the character of a Russian proprietor, he would doubtless have been a great prince. There was a savage magnificence about him, and also certain degrading traits, which suggested the Hetman Platoff. Unfortunately, he was a Squire in the Midlands. The contrast, however, of his splendid vagaries with the quiet time and industrious locality in which he lived, while it diminished his influence, did, on the other hand, no doubt enhance his reputation. He was looked upon (as Waterford and Mytton used to be) as a *lusus naturæ*, an eccentric, an altogether exceptional personage, to whom license was permitted; and the charitable divided the human race, for his sake, into Men, Women, and Carew.

The same philosophic few, however, who denied him talent, averred that he was half mad; and indeed Fortune had so lavishly showered her favors on him from his birth, that it might well be that they had turned his head. His father had died while Carew was but an infant, so that the surplus income from his vast estates had accumulated to an enormous sum when he attained his majority. In the mean time, his doting mother had supplied him with funds out of all proportion to his tender years. At ten years old, he had a pack of harriers of his own, and hunted the county regularly twice a week. At the public school, where he was with difficulty persuaded to remain for a short period, he had an allowance the amount of which would have sufficed for the needs of a professional man with a wife and family, and yet it is recorded of him that he had the audacity—"the boy is father to the man," and it was "so like Carew," they said—to complain to his guardian, a great lawyer, that his means were insufficient. He also demanded a lump sum down, on the ground that (being at the ripe age of fourteen) he contemplated marriage. The reply of the legal dignitary is preserved, as well as the young gentleman's application: "If you can't live upon your allowance, you may starve, Sir; and if you marry, you shall not have your allowance."

You had only—having authority to do so—to advise Carew, and he was positively certain to go counter to your opinion; and did you attempt to oppose him in any purpose, you would infallibly insure its accomplishment. He did not marry at fourteen, indeed, but he did so clandestinely in less than three years afterward, and had issue; but at the age of five-and-thirty, when our stage opens, he had neither wife nor child, but lived as a bachelor at Crompton, which was sometimes called "the open house," by reason of its profuse hospitalities; and sometimes "Liberty Hall," on account of its license; otherwise it was never called any thing but Crompton; never Crompton Hall, or Crompton Park—but simply Crompton, just like Stowe or Blenheim. And yet the park at Crompton was as splendid an appanage of glebe and avenue, of copse and dell, as could be desired. It was all laid out upon a certain plan—somewhere in the old house was the very parchment on which the chase was ordered like a garden; a dozen drives here radiated from one another like the spokes of a wheel, and here four mighty avenues made a St. Andrew's cross in the very centre—but the area was so immense, and the stature of the trees so great, that nothing of this formality could be observed in the park itself. Not only were the oaks and beeches of large, and often of giant proportions, but the very ferns grew so tall that whole herds of fallow dear were hidden in it, and could only be traced by their bounds. There were red deer also, almost as numerous, with branching antlers, curiously mossed, as though they had acquired that vegetation by rubbing, as they often did, against the high wooden pale—itself made picturesque by age—which hedged them in their sylvan prison for miles. Moreover, there were wild-cattle, as at Chartley (though not of the same breed), the repute of whose fierceness kept the few public paths that intersected this wild domain very unfrequented. These animals, imported half a century ago, were of no use nor of particular beauty, and would have dwindled away, from the unfitness of the locality for their support, but that they were recruited periodically, and at a vast expense. It was enough to cause their present owner to strain every nerve to retain them, because they were so universally objected to. They had gored one man to death, and occasionally maimed others, but, as Carew, to do him justice, was by no means afraid of them himself, and ran the same risk, and far oftener than other people, he held he had a right to retain them. Nobody was obliged to come into his park unless they liked, he said, and if they did, they must "chance a tossing." The same detractors, whose opinion we have already quoted, affirmed that the Squire kept these cattle for the very reason that was urged against their existence; the fear of these horned police kept the park free from strangers, and thereby saved him half a dozen keepers.

That his determination in the matter was pig-headed and brutal, there is no doubt; but the Squire's nature was far from exclusive, and the idea of saving in any thing, it is certain, never entered into his head. The time, indeed, was slowly but surely coming when the park should know no more not only its wild-cattle, but many a rich copse and shadowy glade. Not a stately oak nor far-spreading beech but was doomed, sooner or later, to be cut down, to prop for a moment the falling fortunes of their spendthrift owner; but at the time of which we speak there was no visible sign of the coming ruin. It is recorded of a brother prodigal, that after enormous losses and expenses, his steward informed him that if he would but consent to live upon seven thousand a year for the next ten years, the estate would recover itself. "Sir," returned he in anger, "I would rather die than live on seven thousand a year." Our Carew would have given the same reply had twice that income been suggested to him, and been applauded for the gallant answer. The hint of any necessity for curtailment would probably have caused him to double his expenditure forthwith, though, indeed, that would have been difficult to effect. He had already two packs of hounds, with which he hunted on alternate days, and he had even endeavored to do so on the Sunday; but the obsequious "county" had declined to go with him to that extent, and this anomaly of the nineteenth century had been compelled to confine himself on the seventh day to cock-fighting in the library. He kept a bear to bait (as well as a chaplain to bully), and ferrets ran loose about Crompton as mice do in other houses. He had a hunter for every week in the year, yet he often rode his horses to death. He had a stud of racers, and it was this, or rather his belief in their powers, which eventually drained his vast resources. Not one of them ever won a great race. This was not their fault, nor that of their trainer, but his own; he interfered in their management, and would have things his own way; he would command every thing, except success, which was beyond his power, and in missing that he lost all. Otherwise, he was lucky as a mere gambler. His audacity, and the funds he always had at his disposal, carried him triumphantly, where many a more prudent but less wealthy player withdrew from the contest. Games of skill had no attraction for him, but at an earlier date in his career he had been a terror to the club-keepers in St. James's, where his luck and obstinacy had broken a dozen banks. It was said—and very likely with truth—that he had once cut double or quits for ten thousand pounds.

His moral character, as respected the softer sex, was such as you might expect from these traits. No modest woman had been seen at Crompton for many a year; although not a few such—if at least good birth and high position include modesty—had, since his majority, striven to give a lawful mistress to the place. His eccentricities had not alarmed them, and his shamelessness had not abashed them. Though his constitution was said to be breaking up through unparalleled excesses, his heart, it was currently reported in domestic circles, was sound: and what a noble feat would it be to reclaim him! It was also reckoned impossible that any amount of extravagance could have seriously embarrassed such a property as he had inherited, indeed long since, but of which he had had the sole control only a few years. At the time of which we speak Carew was but thirty-five, though he looked much older. His muscles were still firm, his limbs yet active, and his hand and eye as steady with the gun or bridle as ever. But his bronzed face showed signs of habitual intemperance; his head was growing prematurely bald; and once or twice, though the fact was known to himself only, his iron nerve had of late failed him. The secret consciousness of this last fact made him more venturesome and reckless than ever. "Time," he swore, "should never play *him* tricks. He was as good a man as ever he was. There was a quarter of a million, more or less, to be got through yet, and, by Jove, he would see it out!" Of course he did not swear by Jove; for, as we have said, he kept a chaplain, and was therefore no heathen.

One of the arguments that the mothers of those young ladies who sought his hand were wont to make use of, to their great comfort, was that Mr. Carew was a churchman. There was a private chapel at Crompton, the existence of which, of course, explained why his presence did not grace the parish church. Then his genealogy was of the most satisfactory description. Carews had dwelt at Crompton in direct succession for many a century. Charles I., it is almost unnecessary to state, had slept there—that most locomotive of monarchs seems to have honored all old English mansions with a night's visit—and had hunted in the chase next morning. Queen Elizabeth had also been most graciously pleased to visit her subject, John Carew, on which occasion a wooden tower had been erected for her in the park, from which to see "ten buckes, all having fayre lawe, pulled down with greyhoundes;" she shot deer, too, with her own virgin hands, for which purpose "a cross-bowe was delivered to her by a nymph with a sweet song." These things, however, were in no way commemorated. Carew was all in all; his devouring egotism swallowed up historical association. His favorite female bull-dog, with her pups, slept in the royal martyr's apartment. The places in Crompton Chase held remarkable were those where its present owner had made an unprecedentedly long shot, or had beaten off one of the wild cattle without a weapon, or had run down a stag on foot. There was no relic of ancient times preserved whatever, except that at midsummer, as in Lyme, that very curious custom was kept of driving the red deer round the park, and then swimming them through the lake before the house—a very difficult feat, by-the-by, to any save those who have been accustomed to "drive deer." One peculiar virtue of Carew—he was addressed, by-the-way, by all his inferiors, and some of his equals, as "Squire" only—was, we had almost forgotten to say, his regard for truth, which may truly be said to have been "passionate," if we consider the effect produced in him when he discovered that any one had told him a falsehood. He would fall upon them tooth and nail, if they were menials; and if guests, he would forbid them his house. This was surely one excellent trait. Yet it was maintained by those carpers already alluded to, that to tell truth was comparatively easy in one who was as careless of all opinion as he was independent in means; moreover, that a love of truth is sometimes found to exist in very bad company, as in the case of the Spartan boy who stole the fox; and if the veracious Squire did not steal foxes (which he did, by-the-by, indirectly, for a bagged one was his delight), he was guilty of much worse things. However, this is certain, that Carew of Crompton never told a lie.

CHAPTER II.

WAITING FOR AN INTRODUCTION.

WE have said that Carew was not exclusive; so long as he had his own way in every thing he was good-tempered, and so very good-natured that he permitted not only his friends but his dependents to do pretty much as they would. He was a tyrant only by fits and starts, and in the mean time there was anarchy at Crompton. Every soul in the place, from the young lords, its master's guests, down to the earth-stopper's assistant, who came for his quantum of ale to the back-door, did pretty much as seemed right in his own eyes. There were times when every thing had to be done in a moment under the master's eye, no matter at what loss, or even risk to limb or life; but usually there was no particular time for any thing—except dinner. The guests arose in the morning, or lay in bed all day, exactly as they pleased, and had their meals in public or in their own rooms; but when the great dinner-gong sounded for the second time it was expected that every man should be ready for the feast, and wearing (with the single exception of the chaplain) a red coat. The dinner-parties at Crompton—and there was a party of the most heterogeneous description daily—were literally, therefore, very gay affairs; the banquet was sumptuous, and the great cellars were laid under heavy contribution. Only, if a guest did happen to be unpunctual, from whatever cause, even if it were illness, the host would send for his bear, or his half-dozen bull-dogs, and proceed to the sick man's room, with the avowed intention (and he always kept his word) of "drawing the badger." In spite of his four-legged auxiliaries, this was not always an easy task. His recklessness, though not often, did sometimes meet with its match in that of the badger; and in one chamber door at Crompton we have ourselves seen a couple of bullet-holes, which showed that assault on one side had met with battery upon the other.

With such rough manners as Carew had, it may seem strange that he was never called to account for them at twelve paces; but, in the first place, it was thoroughly understood that he would have "gone out" (a fact which has doubtless given pause to many a challenge), and would have shot as straight as though he were partridge-shooting; and secondly, as we have said, he had a special license for practical jokes; the subjects of them, too, were not men of delicate susceptibilities, for none such, by any accident, could have been his guests. In consideration of good fare, good wine, a good mount in the hunting-field, excellent shooting, and of a loan from the host whenever they were without funds, men even of good position were found to "put up" very good-naturedly with the eccentricities of the master of Crompton, and he had his house full half the year. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that his servants were found willing to compound for some occasional ill usage, in return for general laxity of rule, and many unconsidered trifles in the way of perquisites. His huntsmen and whips got now and then a severe beating; his grooms found it very inconvenient when "Squire" took it into his mad head to sally forth on horseback across country by moonlight; and still worse, when he would have the whole stud out, and set every servant in his employ, not excepting his fat French cook, in the saddle, to see how they would comport themselves under the unaccustomed excitement of a steeple-chase. But upon the whole, the retainers at Crompton had an easy berth of it, and seldom voluntarily took their discharge.

Perhaps the best situations, as being less liable to the *per contras* in the shape of the master's passionate outbursts, were those of the park-keepers, of whom old Walter Grange was one. He was a bachelor, as almost all of them were. It was not good for any one with wife or daughter (if these were young, at least) to take service with Carew at all; and living in a pleasant cottage, far too large for him, in the very heart of the chase, Grange thought it no harm to take a lodger. The same old woman who cooked his victuals and kept his rooms tidy would do the same office for another who was not very particular in his food, and could rough it a little in other respects; and such a one had Walter lately found in the person of a young landscape-painter, Richard Yorke. This gentleman was a stranger to Crompton and its neighborhood; but having (as he said) happened to see a certain guarded advertisement in the *Times* headed, "To Artists and Others," that lodgings in the midst of forest scenery could be procured for what seemed next to nothing, he had come down from London in the autumn on the chance, and found them suitable.

To poet or painter's eye, indeed, the lodge was charming; it was small, of course, but very picturesquely built, and afforded the new tenant a bow-windowed sitting-room, with an outlook such as few dwellings in England, and probably none elsewhere, could offer. In the fore-ground was an open lawn, on which scores of fine-plumaged pheasants strutted briskly, and myriads of rabbits came forth at eve to play and nibble—bordered by crops of fern, above which moved statelily the antlered deer. A sentry oak or two of mighty girth guarded this open space; but on both sides vast glades shut in the prospect with a wall of checkered light and shadow that deepened into sylvan gloom. But right in front the expanding view seemed without limit, and exhibited all varieties of forest scenery; coppices with "Autumn's fiery finger" on their tender leaves; still, shining pools, where water-fowl bred and dwelt; broad pathways, across which the fallow deer could bound at leisure; or one would leap in haste, and half a hundred follow in groundless panic. The wealth of animal life in that green solitude, where the voice of man was hardly ever heard, was prodigious; the rarest birds were common there; even those who had their habitations by the sea were sometimes lured to this as silent spot, and skimmed above its undulating dells as o'er the billow. The eagle and the osprey had been caught there; and, indeed, a specimen of each was caged in a sort of aviary, which Grange had had constructed at the back of the lodge; while Yorke's sitting-room was literally stuffed full of these strange feathered visitants, which had fallen victims to the keeper's gun. The horse-hair sofa had a noble cover of deer-skin; the foot-stool and the fire-rug were made of furs, or skins that would have fetched their price elsewhere, and been held rare, although once worn by British beast or "varmint." The walls were stuck with antlers, and the very handle of the bell-rope was the fore-foot of a stag. Each of these had its story; and nothing pleased the old man better than to have a listener to his long-winded tales of how and where and when the thing was slain. All persons whose lives are passed in the open air, and in comparative solitude, seem in this respect to be descendants of Dame Quickly; their wearisome digressions and unnecessary preciseness as to date and place try the patience of all other kinds of men, and this was the chief cross which Grange's lodger had to bear as an offset to the excellence of his quarters. It must be confessed that he did not bear it meekly. To stop old Walter in mid-talk—without an open quarrel—was an absolute impossibility; but his young companion would turn the stream of his discourse, without much ceremony, from the records of slaughter into another channel (almost as natural to it)—the characteristics and peculiarities of his master Carew. Of this subject, notwithstanding that that other made him fret and fume so, Yorke never seemed to tire.

"I should like to know your master," he had said, half musingly, after listening to one of these strange recitals, soon after his arrival; to which Grange had answered, laughing: "Well, Squire's a very easy one to know. He picks up friends by every road-side, without much troubling himself as to who they are, I promise you."

The young man's face grew dark with anger; but the idea of self-respect, far less of pride, was necessarily strange to a servant of Carew's. So Grange went on, unconscious of offense: "Now, if you were a young woman," he chuckled, "and as good-looking as you are as a lad, there would be none more welcome than yourself up at the big house. Pretty gals, bless ye, need no introduction yonder; and yet one would have thought that Squire would know better than to meddle with the mischievons hussies—he took his lesson early enough, at all events. Why, he married before he was your age, and not half so much of a man to look at, neither. You have heard talk of that, I dare say, however, in London?"

Richard Yorke, as the keeper had hinted, was a very handsome lad—brown-cheeked, blue-eyed, and with rich clustering hair as black as a sloe; but at this moment he did not look prepossessing. He frowned and flashed a furious glance upon the speaker; but old Grange, who had an eye like a hawk, for the objects that a hawk desires, was as blind as a mole to any evidence of human emotion short of a punch on the head, and went on unheeding:

"Well, I thought you must ha' heard o' that too. We folk down here heard o' nothing else for all that year. She got hold o' Squire, this ere woman did, though he was but a school-boy, and she old enough to be his mother, bless ye, and was married to him. And they kep' it secret for six months; and that's what bangs me most about it all. For Carew, he can keep nothing secret—nothing: he blurts all out; and that's why he seems so much worse than he is to some people. Oh, she must have been a deep one, she must!"

"You never saw her, then?" asked Yorke, carelessly shading his eyes, as though from the westering sun, which Midas-like, was turning every thing it touched in that broad landscape into gold.

"Oh yes, I see her; she was here with Squire near half a year. Mrs. Carew—the old lady, I mean—was at Crompton then; and the young one—though she was no chicken neither—she tried to get her turned out; but she wasn't clever enough, clever as she was, for that job. Carew loved his mother, as indeed he ought, for she had never denied him any thing since he was born; and so, in that pitched battle between the women, he took his mother's side. And in the end the old lady took his, and with a vengeance. I do think that if it had not been for her, young madam would have held on— Why, what's the matter, young gentleman? That was an oath fit for the mouth of Squire hisself."

"It's this cursed toothache," exclaimed Yorke, passionately. "It has worried me so ever since you began to speak that I should have gone mad if I had not let out at it a bit. Never mind me; I'm better now."

"Well, that's like the Squire again," returned the keeper, admiringly. "He seems allus to find hisself better for letting out at things, and at people too, for the matter of that. To hear him sometimes, one would almost think the ground must open; not that he means any harm, but it's a way he's got; but it does frighten them as is not used to him, surely. I mind that day when he first took the fox-hounds out, and Mr. Howard the sheriff as was that year—he's dead and gone long since, and his grandson is sheriff now again, which is cur'ous—well, he happened to ride a bit too forward with the dogs, and our young master— Oh dear, dear," and the old man began to chuckle like a hen that has laid two eggs at a time, "how he did swear at the old man!"

"You were talking about Mrs. Carew the elder," observed the artist, coolly.

"Was I? True, so I was. Well, she and the young Squire was for all the world like a deer with her fawn—all tenderness and timidity, so long as he was let alone; but when this 'ere woman came, as she considered his enemy, she was as bold as a red stag—nay, as one of our wild-cattle. It was through her, I say, that the bride got the sack at last; and when that was done the old lady seemed to have done her work, and was content enough when her son portioned her off, and persuaded her to live at the dower-house at Morden; and indeed she could hardly have staid at Crompton, with such goings on as there are now—feastings and fightings and flirtings—"

"Just so," interrupted the young painter; "she got her way, I know. But with respect to the younger lady, Mrs. Charles Carew, what was *she* like, and what did people say of her?"

"Well, not much good, I reckon. What could they say of a school-mistress who marries her pupil?"

"A school-mistress, was she?" said Yorke, in a strange husky voice. "We never heard that in London."

"Well, she was summat of that sort, Sir, though I don't know exactly what. Young as he was, Carew was not quite child enough to be at a dame's school, that's true. But she was not a mere servant-girl, as some said, any way, for she could play and sing—ay, songs that pleased him too—and she had book-learning, I've heard, such as would have astonished you; so that some folks said she was a witch, and had the devil's help to catch Carew. But a woman don't want magic, bless you, to come over a lad of seventeen—not she. What nonsense people talk! If any pretty girl about Crompton was to take a fancy to *you* now, as is like enough, do you suppose—"

"But I thought you said that Mrs. Charles Carew was not a girl?"

"Nor more she was: she was five-and-thirty if she was a day; and yet—*there* was the wonder of it—she did not look much over twenty! I've heard our gentlemen, when out shooting, liken her to some fine Frenchwoman as never grew old, and was fell in love with unbeknown by her grandson. Now, what was her name? I got it written down somewhere in my old pocket-book; it was summut like Longclothes."

"*Ninon de l'Enclos?*" suggested Yorke, without a smile.

"Ay, that's the name. Well, Mrs. Charles Carew, as you call her, was just like her, and a regular everlasting! She was not what you would call pretty, but very "taking" looking, and with a bloom and freshness on her as would have deceived any man. Her voice was like music itself, and she moved like a stag o' ten; and the Squire being always manly looking and swarthy, like yourself, there was really little difference between them to look at. I dare say she's gone all to pieces now, as women will do, while the Squire looks much the same as he did then."

"I have never even seen him," said the landscape-painter, moodily.

"Well, don't you stare at him, young master, when you do get that chance, that's all. Some comes down here merely to look at him, as if he was a show, and that puts him in a pretty rage, I promise you; though to get to know him, as I say, is easy enough, if you go the right way about it. If you were a good rider, for instance, and could lead the field one day when the hunting begins, he'd ask you to dinner to a certainty; or if you could drive stags—why, he would have given you a hundred pounds last midsummer, when we couldn't get the beasts to swim the lake. There's a pretty mess come o' that, by-the-by; for, out of the talk there was among the gentlemen about that difficulty, the Squire laid a bet as *he* would drive stags; not as *we* do, mind you, but in harness, like carriage-horses; and, cuss me, if he hasn't had the break out half a dozen times with four red deer in it, and you may see him tearing through the park, with mounted grooms and keepers on the right and left of him, all galloping their hardest, and the Squire with the ribbons, a-holloaing like mad! For my part, I don't like such pranks, and would much sooner not be there to see 'em. There will be mischief some day with it yet, for all that old Lord Orford, down at Newmarket some fifty years ago, used to do the same thing, they say. It ain't in nature that stags should be druv four-in-hand, even by Carew. However, the Squire won his wager; and we haven't seen none o' *that* wild work o' late weeks, though we may see it again any day."

"I have heard of that strange exploit," observed Yorke; "but as driving deer, even in the ordinary way, is not my calling, and as I am no great rider, even if I had a horse, I don't see how I am to introduce myself to your mad Squire, and yet I have a great fancy for his acquaintance. Do you think he'd buy any of these drawings, taken in his own park, from his own timber?" The young man touched a port-folio, already well stocked with studies of oak and beech. "Here is a sketch of the Decoy Pond, for instance, with the oldest tree in the chase beside it; would not that interest him, think you? You think not?"

"Well, young gentleman," said the keeper, frankly, "if I say no, it ain't that I mean any slight to your drawing. It's like the tree enough, for certain, with the very hoop of iron as I put round it with my own hands twenty years ago—and, by the same token, it will want another before this winter's out; but I don't think the Squire cares much for such matters. He might, maybe, just give a look at it, or he might bid you go to the devil for a paper-staining son of a—well—what you will. He does not care a farthing, bless 'ee, for all the great pictures in his own gallery, though they cost his grandfather a mint of money, and are certainly a fine sight—so far as the frames go. And, on the other hand, if he happens to be cross-grained that day, he might tear it up before you could say 'Hold,' and kick you down the Hall steps into the bargain, as he has done to many a one. That's where it is, you see, the Squire is so chancy."

"I don't think he would kick *me* down his Hall steps," said Yorke, grimly.

The keeper grinned. "Well, you see, nobody can tell that till it's tried. The Squire is a regular bruiser, I promise you, though I grant you are a strapping young fellow, and you have told me that you know how to use your fists. That's a great thing, mind you, for a man to ha' learnt; a deal better than Latin or such-like, in my opinion. Folks talk of life-preservers and pistols, but there's nothing like a good pair of well-handled fists when one has to tackle a poacher. I've been at Crompton, man and boy, these fifty years, and had a good many rough-and-tumbles with that sort, and I have never had the worst of it yet. It prevents bloodshed on both sides; for if you haven't no shooting-iron, there's few Englishmen, poachers or not, who will draw trigger on you; and as for a bludgeon, it's as likely to be in my hand as another's after the first half minute."

"Is there much poaching now at Crompton?" inquired Yorke, mechanically. It would have been plain to any less obtuse observer than his companion that he no longer gave him his attention.

"Well, no; nothing to be called serious has happened lately; though I dare say we shall have some scrimmages as the winter comes on; there's allus a good deal of what I calls hanky-panky work in the fawn season. Women and children—especially children—will come into the park, under pretense o' picking up sticks; and they'll put away a new dropped fawn in their bundles, if they get the chance; and then they take it home, to be reared until it grows up, and can be sold for venison."

"I should have thought there would have been no market for such a commodity—that is, in the case of people such as you describe," observed Yorke, yawning.

"Market!" echoed the keeper, contemptuously; "there'd be a market to-morrow morning for the whole herd o' our wild-cattle, if they were stolen to-night; there'd be a market for a rhinoceros or a halligator, if we happened to keep 'em, bless 'ee, as easy as for a sucking pig! But I don't call that poaching—I mean the fawn-stealing. It's the professionals from the Midland towns as come by tens and twenties at a time as is our trouble. We generally gets wind of 'em beforehand, and then out we all goes, and Squire with us—for he dearly loves a fight—and then there's broken crowns and bloody noses; but, thank God, there's been no murder done, at least, not in my time, at Crompton. And that reminds me, Sir, that it's time for me to start on my evening rounds."

"Well, when you next have any news of such an incursion, Grange, I hope you will let me make one of your party," said Yorke, good-humoredly. "I can hit out straight from the shoulder; and perhaps I might get to know the Squire *that* way."

"And as likely a road to lead you into his good graces, Sir," said the keeper, rising, "as any I know. Are you for a walk round the park this fine evening, Sir?"

"No; not to-night, thank you, Grange. I have got to fill in this sketch a bit that I took this morning."

"Then, good-night, Sir, for I sha'n't return before daylight."

But it was not till long after the keeper had taken his departure that Richard Yorke turned hand or eye to his unfinished drawing. He sat staring straight before him with steadfast eyes and thoughtful face, for hours, murmuring to himself disjointed sentences; and ever and anon he started up and paced the little room with rapid strides. "He shall see me, and know me, too," muttered he, at last, between his clenched teeth, "though it should cost one of us our lives. She shall not say I came down to this wilderness, like some hunted beast to covert, for nothing."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Authors and publishers are always, and very properly, careful concerning their copyrights. By a law which has recently passed Congress, copyrights are no longer to be taken out in the District Courts, but by application to the Librarian of Congress. Hitherto the steps required were to transmit a copy of the title of the work before publication to the clerk of the United States District Court of the district in which the author or proprietor of the work resided; and after publication to forward one copy to the clerk and another copy to the Library of Congress. Now the whole business of entering copyrights is to be done at the Congressional Library. The title-page is to be sent there to be registered, and the two copies are to be forwarded to the library for its shelves. They go free by mail.

The same law makes many other changes in the law of copyrights, and also in that of patents, on which subject a complete system of new provisions is presented. The recent statute may be regarded as the first-fruits of a commission created some time ago to revise all the laws of the United States, as it is founded upon a bill reported by the commissioners. The commission as now constituted, composed of Judge Charles P. James, Mr. Benjamin Vaughan Abbott, and Mr. Victor C. Barringer, are proceeding with the preparation of the laws on other subjects.

Last week, at the regular weekly session of the Board of Health, only one case of small-pox was reported, and not a single death had occurred in this city during the previous week from that disease. That was the first week in nine months without a death from small-pox. By cable, from Paris, 267 deaths from that cause were announced as having occurred in that city. Either vaccination or something else appears to be productive of good results here.

A few days ago a young girl of fourteen, living at Port Jervis, was kindling a fire, and using kerosene oil to hasten the work, when the flames communicated to the can, and a terrific explosion followed, by which she was burned in a frightful manner. There is no more dangerous compound in the hands of the ignorant or careless than such kerosene as is commonly sold at a cheap price.

Queen Isabella did not make the renouncing of her throne a mournful business. She made a gala toilet for the occasion, wearing a rose-colored silk dress profusely covered with white lace, a splendid *parure* of pearls, and a diamond girdle; and with that command of countenance which seldom fails to reward long practice in the performance of royal functions, put on an extremely merry look. As she took her seat in a throne-room, Don Alfonso, Prince of Asturias, her eldest son, stood on her right hand, simply dressed in a short black jacket and knickerbockers. Queen Isabella made a short speech to the assembled witnesses before she read her abdication. When the ceremony was over, the youthful king of Spain, apparently not particularly impressed by the honors conferred upon him, rushed up to the Duke de Sesto, and said: "You haven't seen my new velocipede; come into the garden and look at it!"

The gypsum deposits on the California coast promise, if properly developed, to become one of the most valuable resources of that State. One large deposit has been discovered on St. Mark's Island, in the Gulf of California. It has already been worked to a considerable extent, and it is believed that soon there will be an ample supply of plaster of Paris of home manufacture for the Pacific coast. Gypsum is the basis of the finest cements, and also is a valuable fertilizer.

De Cordova is preparing a lecture on Dickens; so is Miss Kate Field.—The Pope has received a present of $8000 from a wealthy maiden lady of Montreal, who is now in Rome.—Vinnie Ream is busily putting the finishing touches to her last bust, preparatory to returning to this country.—The Queen of Denmark is a model woman, if, as is reported, she spends only $100 a year for new dresses!

The General Superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau states that "considering their previous condition, the advance of the freedmen in all material and moral respects unquestionably surpasses that of the white people of the Southern States. Two thousand five hundred and seventy-one day and night schools, with 122,317 pupils; 1456 Sunday-schools, with 88,300 pupils; 38 normal or high schools, with 3834 pupils; the advance of about 6000 pupils in the higher branches; the accumulation of $12,600,000 in savings-banks, besides nearly $11,000,000 drawn out chiefly for important purchases, are guarantees of the future progress of the freedmen, as well as evidences of the important work accomplished by the Freedmen's Bureau."

The North Adams Orientals are all young—none over twenty-two, it is said, excepting the two cooks, who are over thirty, and are the only married men in the party. All wear the national queue. These queues are often of great length, and tied at the end with a ribbon. When at work they are worn coiled around the crown, looking ludicrously like a lady's chignon.

Punch announces that during the present oppressive heat one of the prominent London theatres will be "iced." Also that private refrigerators, to hold four persons, will be furnished at three guineas. Some fresh air will be given by the orchestra every half hour. The performances will commence with the farce of "Cool as a Cucumber," after which the romantic drama entitled "The Sea of Ice;" to conclude with the laughable after-piece called "Nothing to Wear."

Paris is repairing its streets by steam-power. The machine consists of a small steam-engine on wheels, drawn by one horse, to the rear of which is attached the "pavior," which is forced upon the ground by a blow from the piston, and slides on a bar some six feet long, and can thus be directed by the driver to any stone which requires forcing home. The machine is now at work in the Rue de Grenelle, St. Germain, and is considered a success.

When Dickens's death was first announced in the papers a prominent mercantile gentleman met a Boston friend in the streets of that city, and naturally the conversation turned upon the subject of his death. In reply to a remark of the Bostonian that Dickens's death was a great loss, the merchant exclaimed, "Dickens? Dickens? I've heard of the name. When is his funeral? Will he be buried in Mount Auburn?"

Some time ago the ship *Puritan* arrived at San Francisco from New York. The captain reported that after the vessel had been out three days, Henry Williams, a boy sixteen years old, fell overboard while engaged in lashing the life buoys to the taffrail, and was drowned. Recently it has been ascertained that the boy is in New York, alive and well. His own statement is that while lashing the buoys he became dizzy and fell overboard; that he called for help, but no one heard him, and that he began to think his time had come, when a piece of cord-wood floated past him, and he swam for it. He remained in the water by the aid of this piece of wood for eleven hours, when a coaster came in sight. He hailed her, a boat was sent after him, and he was taken back to New York. Certainly this is a most remarkable escape from death.

The new French Minister, M. Prévost-Paradol, recently arrived at Washington, accompanied by his young son, and a daughter about seventeen years old. M. Paradol is apparently a man of culture and ability, and is exceedingly interesting in conversation. During the civil war he was a consistent and influential friend of the Union cause; and on the death of President Lincoln he wrote an able article in the *Journal des Débats*, by which he showed his warm appreciation of the character of the martyr President. M. Paradol expects to spend a part of the midsummer at Newport.

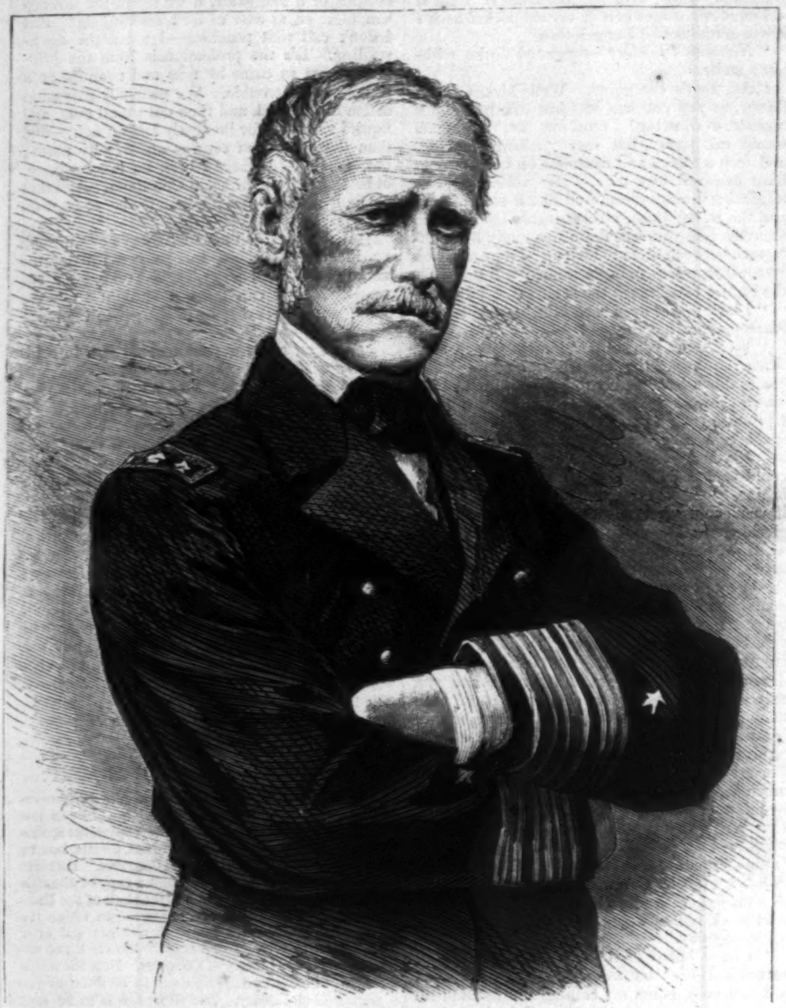
Commissioner Tweed has issued still more stringent regulations regarding the waste of the Croton water, and has announced his intention of maintaining a rigid surveillance over the use of it until water-meters are generally attached, when the parties using water will be careful about wasting it, as they will be charged for all the water passing through the meter.

It appears that dogs are not to be slaughtered this year in the wholesale manner which has prevailed in former summer seasons. It has been thought by some scientific investigators that hydrophobia is not necessarily coincident with an elevated temperature; and in proof of this theory it is stated that there are fewer cases of it in the midsummer months than during several other months. In a recent lecture read by Dr. John P. Garrish at the quarterly meeting of the Medical Board of the Eastern Dispensary, it was shown, however, that the months in which the largest number of cases of the disease have been reported are September, November, and December. This indicates, considering the long period usually required for the development of the poison, that the greatest number of persons are bitten about the time of the dog-days. The period before the poison from the bite of a mad dog begins to show its presence in the system varies from three to seven weeks, rarely more or less than that period. A remarkable experiment, in the interest of science, was once made: 138 dogs were collected which had either been bitten by mad dogs or inoculated with the foam freshly collected from the mad animals. Of this number 68 went mad—a few within a few days, but most of them at intervals of from 20 to 90 days. It appears that instances of hydrophobia occur much less frequently in southern than northern latitudes. South America is said to be entirely free from it. This peculiar malady has thus far almost baffled medical skill. Often when a person has been bitten by a dog supposed to be rabid he suffers greatly from apprehensions. But actual contact of the saliva of a rabid animal with a wounded or abraded surface is required for the development of hydrophobia; and frequently when an animal bites through the clothing the poison does not reach the system. Dr. Garrish stated that a mad dog never has fits; that the existence of epilepsy is a clear proof that there is no *rabies;* also that they do *not* shun the water. They will stand and lap the water with no spasm attending the effort to swallow, but swallowing little on account of the invariable paralysis of the muscles about the jaws and throat—a sign by which the rabid dog may be detected. It was thought a while ago that bromide of potassium would prove a remedy for this much-dreaded disease; but recent experiments, both in this country and in Europe, have shown it to be ineffectual. A celebrated veterinary surgeon, who has himself been bitten on several occasions, says that crystal of nitrate of silver rubbed into the wound will positively prevent hydrophobia. An eminent French physician recommends the Russian bath as a successful remedy. His system once having been inoculated with virus from the saliva of a patient suffering with hydrophobia, he experienced symptoms of the dreadful disease. He took a steam bath, and when it reached the heat of seventy-five degrees centigrade, all the symptoms disappeared as if by magic, and he experienced them no more. Dr. Garrish also gives his own decision in favor of the vapor bath as an effective means of eliminating the poison from the system.

ADMIRAL DAHLGREN.

Rear-Admiral John A. Dahlgren, one of the most distinguished as well as one of the most useful officers of the United States Navy, died in Washington, July 12, at the age of sixty years. His health had been indifferent for some time, but the immediate cause of his death was disease of the heart.

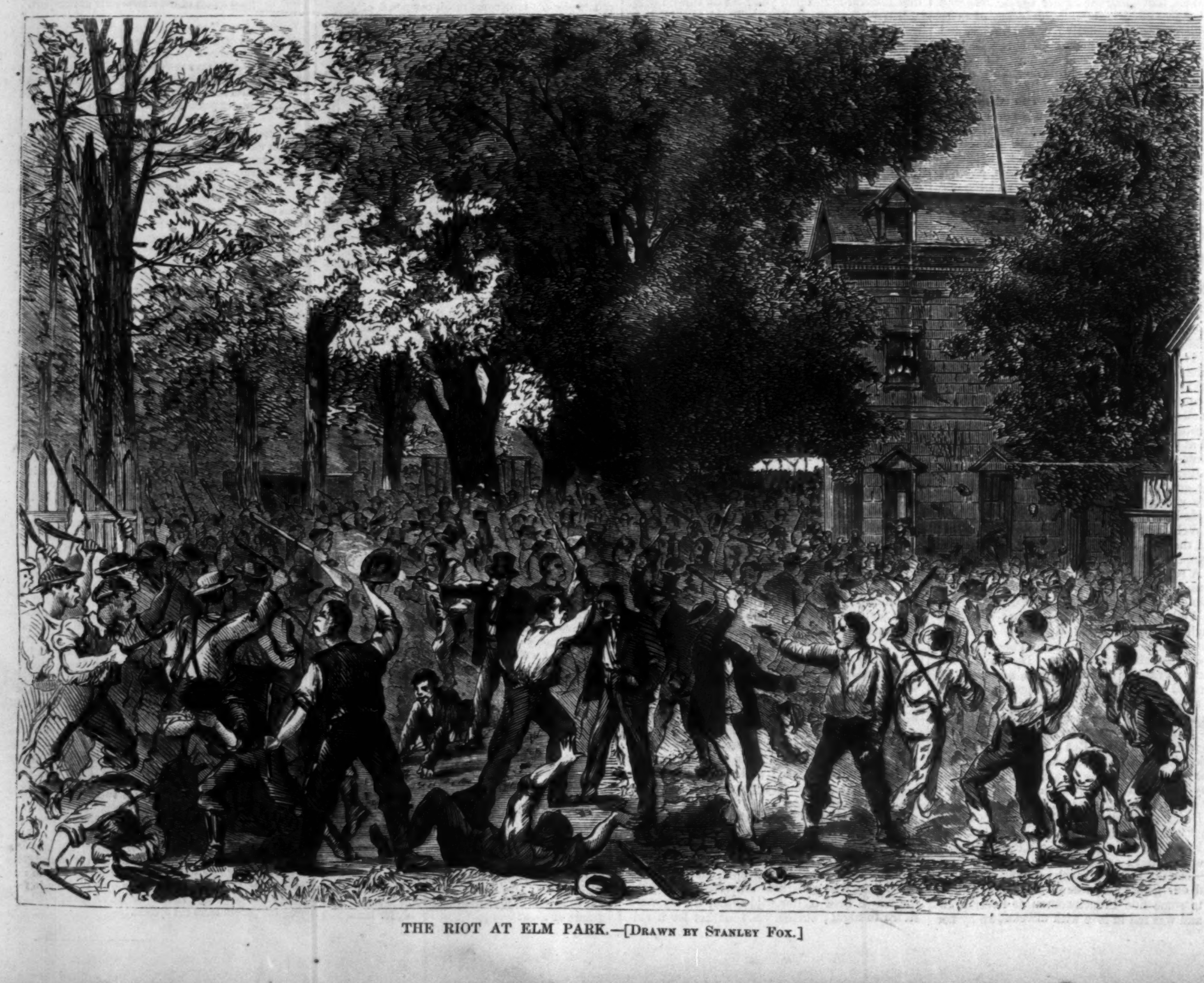
The public career of this officer was long and honorable. Born in Philadelphia, in 1810, he was appointed a Midshipman from Pennsylvania in 1826, and made his first cruise in the frigate *Macedonian*, then attached to the Brazil squadron. Two years later he was transferred to the sloop of war *Ontario*, and remained on the Mediterranean station until 1832. He was on coast-survey duty from 1836 to 1842, was promoted to Lieutenant in 1837, and commanded the frigate *Cumberland* in the Mediterranean in 1844-45. On returning to the United States, in 1847, he was assigned to ordnance duty, and during the ten years devoted to this service he completed the invention with which his name is inseparably connected—the Dahlgren gun. In 1855 he was promoted to the rank of Commander. On the breaking out of the rebellion he was placed in command of the Washington Navy-yard, and shortly afterward was appointed Chief of the Ordnance Bureau. When the navy was reorganized in 1863, he received the commission of Rear-Admiral, and was assigned to the command of the South Atlantic blockading squadron, relieving Rear-Admiral Dupont. He co-operated with General Gilmore in the reduction of Fort Wagner and Morris Island, and assisted in demolishing the outer walls of Fort Sumter. In 1864 he established communication with General Sherman, when that officer reached the coast after his famous march through Georgia, assisted in the capture of Savannah, and shortly afterward occupied Charleston. After the restoration of peace he was in command of the South Pacific squadron for two years, and was then returned to the head of the Ordnance Board. In the fall of 1869 he was ordered to the command of the Washington Navy-yard for a second time, and held that important position up to the time of his death.



THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL DAHLGREN.—[Phot. by M. B. Brady, Washington, D. C.]

THE ELM PARK RIOT.

We give on this page an illustration of the terrible riot which took place in this city, July 12, between a party of "Orangemen" and a mob of Irish Catholics. The Orangemen, to the number of about twenty-five hundred, including many women and children, had assembled in Elm Park for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, when William III. defeated the forces of James II. While thus peaceably engaged, they were suddenly set upon by a ferocious mob, composed of about six hundred of the lowest class of Irish Catholics, armed with clubs and pistols, who broke through the Park palings and began a wild assault upon the Orangemen, regardless of the presence of women and children. With the assistance of the police, who were promptly summoned, the rioters were repulsed, but not until several had been killed or mortally wounded on both sides, while the list of minor casualties was quite large. After the fight in the Park the mob attacked the Eighth Avenue cars, containing a large number of the Orange party, and, but for the timely interference of the police, the loss of life would have been much greater than it was. Our illustration represents the first rush of the rioters into the Park after breaking down the palings.



THE RIOT AT ELM PARK.—[Drawn by Stanley Fox.]

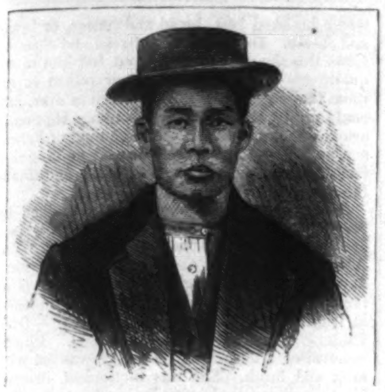
WATER WE SHOULD NOT DRINK.

Water visibly containing organic matter no man will drink if he can avoid the draught. He may be told by the highest authorities that the presence of organic matter does not necessarily make the water unfit for drinking, but he declines to slake his thirst from such a cup. In this imagination may wrong him. He errs, it is true, upon the side of safety, but the distinction must be maintained. The water issuing from near a peat bed may be dark in color, unpleasant to the taste, and full of organic matter, and yet be far less unwholesome to drink than a colorless or dimly transparent water, which may have many germs, drawn from some pretty nook of a shaded stream where the current moves slowly among rank weeds.

All organized bodies are formed of the same elementary substances—oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, with frequently nitrogen. The vegetable supplies food for the animal, and the atmosphere is necessary for the existence of both. So there is a mutual necessity of being, and the continuance of one is dependent upon the permanence of the others. From this similarity in the composition of the vegetable and animal it must be difficult to distinguish the products of one from those of the other when in decomposition.

To test the organic contents and condition of a water is possible only to a chemist, but there is a simple method of examination which may always be adopted. It consists in placing a glass of water where the sunlight falls and the temperature is favorable to the production of vitality. If the germs of life are there, the vessel may in a few days be filled with microscopic forms. If nitrogen abound, animal life may appear and decomposition actively commence. But this will depend upon the state of the organic impurity. Two grains of animal matter may in the water of one locality give birth to many disagreeable creatures, while a much larger quantity in water from another locality may not contain any such miniature monsters. The nature or kind of the organic matter, therefore, must determine whether the water is fit for drinking, and till this is done let it be avoided.

Water brought into a house for domestic use in lead pipes, or from lead cisterns, should be examined before it is accepted as a safe drink. This experiment may be approximately made by placing for a few hours a piece of polished lead in the suspected water. Should the metal surface be tarnished, the water in which the film is produced has been made poisonous by its passage through lead pipes.



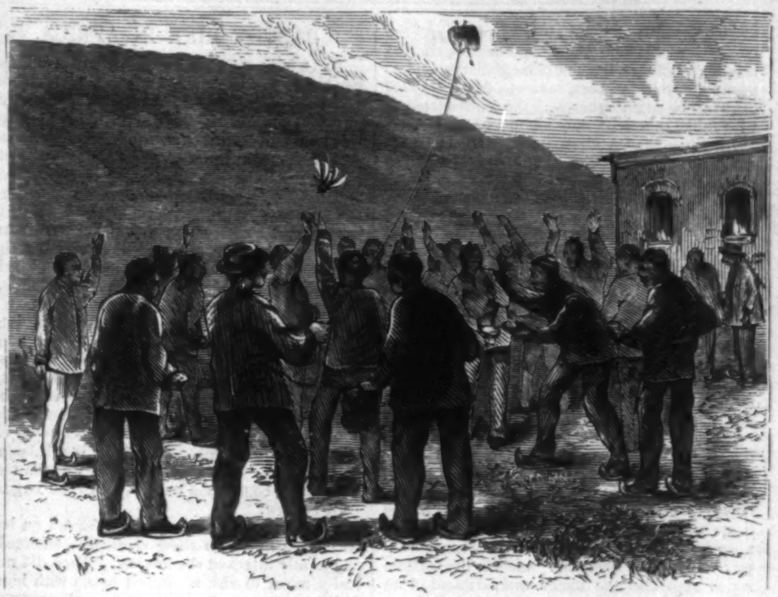
AH SING.

THE CHINESE IN NEW ENGLAND.

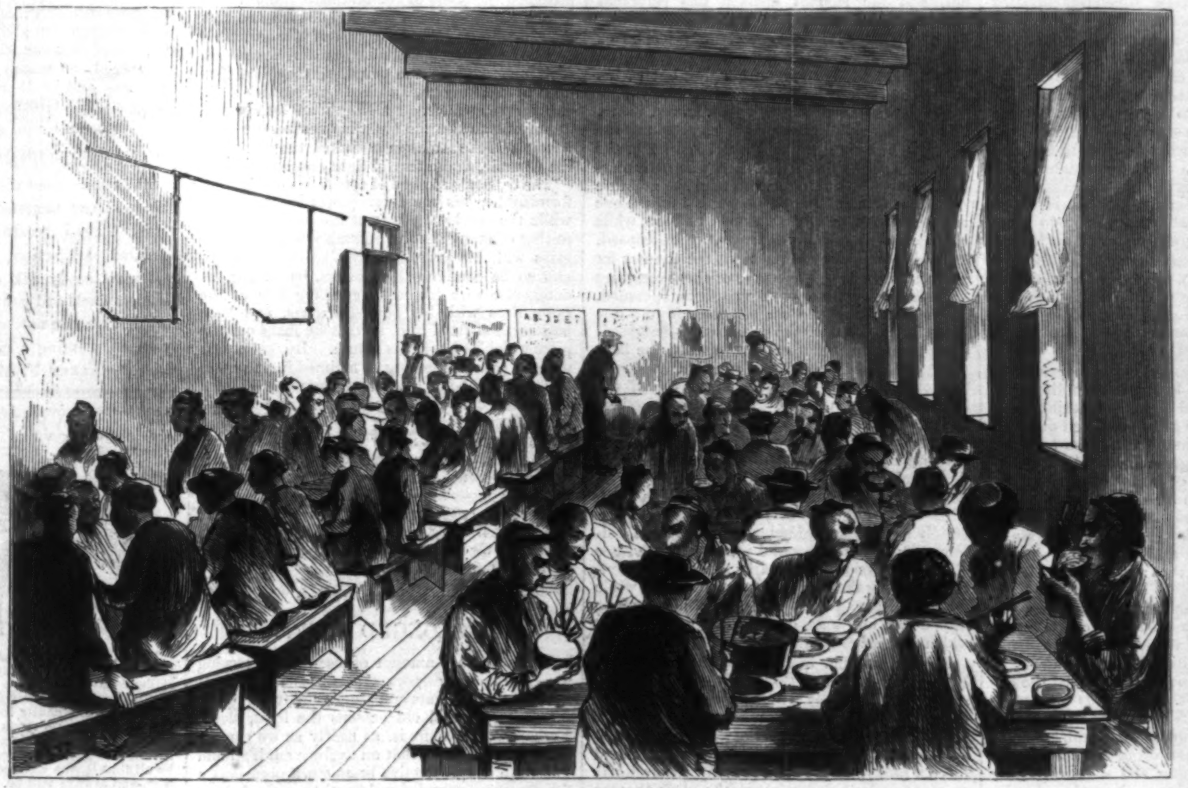
LAST week we gave our readers a sketch of North Adams, where the Chinese shoemakers have settled down, and of the general work-room where they are employed. This week we continue the series, with illustrations that give some insight into the life and ways of this peculiar class of immigrants.

The first illustration is the portrait of AH SING, the foreman of the band, who is considered one of the most intelligent Chinamen in America. He has lived some time in this country, chiefly in San Francisco, where he attended an evening school, and learned to speak and read and write English with considerable fluency and correctness. He is a smart, wide-awake specimen of a Chinaman, and exhibits no little tact in the management of his countrymen in their new situation.

The Chinese have their own culinary department, as they would find it impossible to adapt themselves to the style of cookery prevalent in most New England towns, which must be acknowledged to be almost as barbarous as their own. They also have a general sleeping apartment, fitted up with bunks very much in the manner of the steerage of an emigrant ship.—These are kept in the neatest order and scrupulously clean. As yet, the Chinese associate but little among the townspeople; though they are not molested in any way, and have their own playground for exercise and recreation. Their quiet behavior and steady application to work have done much to conciliate their neighbors, who begin to feel that even the Chinese in this country, when they behave themselves and attend to their own business, have rights which all are bound to respect.



THE PLAY-GROUND.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



THE MESS-ROOM.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

AN ARAB MEAL.

THE basis of the Arab *menu* is, and has been for centuries, the *cousscoussou*, also called in different countries *taam* and *messeefouf*. The *cousscoussou* is made of wheaten flour, which has been ground in portable hand-mills by the women of the camp, and then passed through a sieve, rolled with the fingers, cooked by steam, and finally sprinkled copiously either with broth or with milk. The richer Arabs add to this preparation mutton, fowl, hard eggs, beans, with artichokes, sugar, dried grapes, and sometimes, when near the coast, potatoes, which they purchase from the Christians. This is, as we have said, the national dish, perfectly suited to the climate and the habits of the people. Rich and poor equally delight in it, and they are never tired of it from one end of the year to the other. It must be well cooked, and it is never eaten cold.

The staple food, however, of the poorest Arabs is the *dchicha*—roasted corn—which they pound and then boil with butter; or it may even consist of roasted barley or beans, which they pound also, and then wet with water, and they carry sometimes a supply of it in the corner of their *burnouse*.

In the way of such preparations of meal, the Arab also has the *mermez*. The *mermez* is made of unripe ears of barley, lightly roasted, and pounded in the hand-mill. These are then moistened with water or milk, and mixed with salt meat and butter. And there is also another compound called the *cherchem*, made of corn boiled in salt and water, with which they provide themselves when on expeditions in countries devoid of resources, and by the aid of which they find they can the most easily dispense with all other kinds of food.

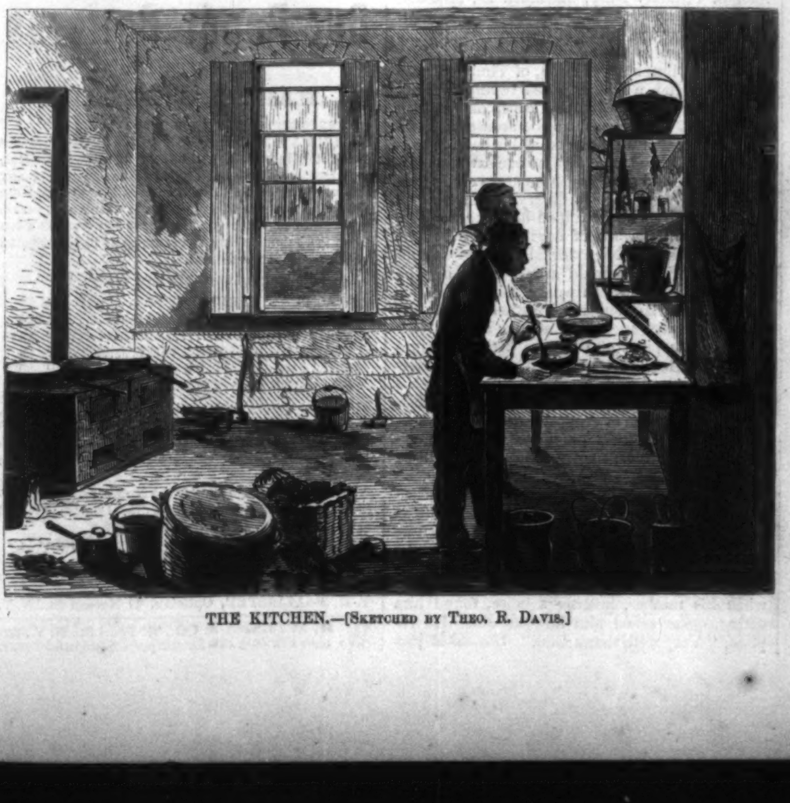
The richer Arabs have, however, excellent bread, while the poorer folk content themselves with flat cakes of meal cooked hastily in earthenware dishes. Bread of new barley is a luxury for every Arab. For condiment the Arab not only has salt, but he makes abundant use of black and red pepper, of which the quantity he eats is enormous. It is the great delight and joy of the poor Arab: it replaces wine as a tonic; and when an Arab of the poorer sort leaves his tent to go to market to purchase provisions for his family, his wife winds up her list of commissions by crying after him, "And don't forget the pepper."

The butter of the Arabs, from being cured in goat-skins, acquires a rancid flavor, which, however, as is the case in other parts of the world, becomes preferable to that of fresh butter by acquired taste. The Arabs, too, are passionately fond of all sorts of preparations of milk, and especially of curds and whey; they rarely drink the pure milk of the cow, and, indeed, esteem it injurious. Of goat's milk and ewe's milk they consume a great deal in different fashions. But of all sorts of milk the most prized is that of the camel, which they give even to their horses, esteeming it better for them than barley, and believing that for horse and man alike it is the most strengthening of all kinds of diet.

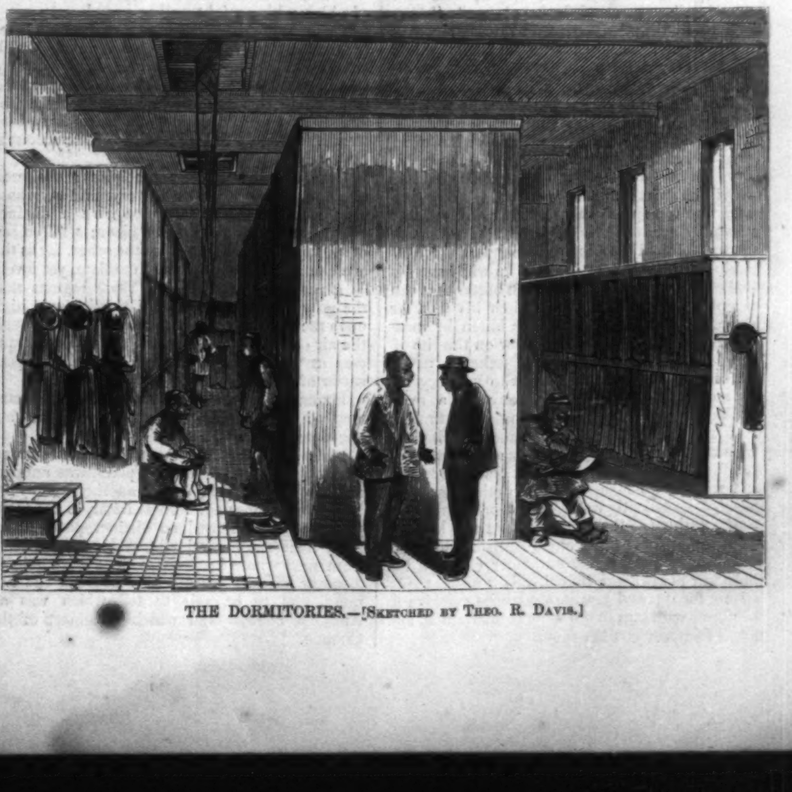
Such is the broad and simple basis of an Arab's meal; to which may be added, in the case of richer folk, roasted mutton (*el kebch mechoui*), or roasted fowl, partridge, etc. And Arabs are pronounced by General Daumas to be the first *rôtisseurs* in the world. There may be also the *kibab*, consisting of pieces of mutton roasted on a skewer; or the *terbiya*, a stew of mutton, with eggs and tomatoes; *el hhamiss*, another kind of mutton stew; *el mekhetter*, a fricassee of fowl, with *garbanzos;* the *dolma*, a dish of meat stuffed with vegetables, and seasoned highly with Cayenne pepper; or there may be *el beraniya*, one of the triumphs of the Arab cuisine—a breast of mutton cut up in pieces, and arranged with butter, eggs, wild artichokes, grated cheese, and spices; *el kabama*, a stew of mutton again, to which parsley and onions give the prevailing flavor.

Leaving unnoticed other dishes which form the *pièces de rèsistance* of an Arab dinner, it may be mentioned that soups also are not wanting to the hospitality of a rich Arab. Nor is the Arab pastry-cook altogether contemptible in the way of cakes and sweetmeats: the crowning glory of his workmanship is said to consist in the *sebaa el aaroussa* —the "finger of the bride;" a sweetmeat most in renown at Bagdad, but which is said to be unknown in Algeria.

The Arabs, moreover, eat fruit in abundance,



THE KITCHEN.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



THE DORMITORIES.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

and generally not quite ripe. Grapes are the most prized of fruit; then come melons, cucumbers, figs, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, apples, pears, cherries, peaches, apricots, dates. Dates ought to be eaten either with the *cousscoussou* or with milk, otherwise they are not wholesome.

All account of Arab gastronomy would be incomplete without notice of the *locust*, which is the prawn of the desert; but which must be taken alive and killed by Mussulmans to be fit to be eaten by Mussulmans. They are stripped of their heads, their wings, and their claws, and then roasted or boiled with the *cousscoussou*. Horses are very fond of them, and for horse and man they are considered nourishing food.

Coffee is a luxury for the rich alone; the great mass of the Arabs never taste coffee. It is served with the grounds and with the foam of ebullition on the surface; and those who have become habituated to the Eastern way of preparing coffee return to the coffee of Europe with some disappointment.

Of such viands will the meal of the guest of the Arab tent be composed. Women, as is well known, never appear before strangers; indeed the latter, if he knows the rules of Arab etiquette, will never even talk of women to his host; and this not only out of regard to the host himself, but because the wife may very probably be on the other side of the curtain which separates the man's compartment from the woman's in every tent, and when jealousy would infallibly be excited by stories of too lively a nature about Ayesha or Nedjema. Yes, the Arab's wife is in all probability there behind the curtain, curiously watching the stranger and his habits, after having superintended the preparation of his meal. French officers who have partaken of the hospitality of Arab tents have, in fact, sometimes heard something very like a titter going on behind the curtain, which was supposed to be caused by the clumsiness with which they sat down to supper. For it is not easy for a European in tight pantaloons, and with straps, to assume the seat on the carpet in Oriental fashion without making a rather ridiculous figure in the course of his descent to the ground, as General Daumas found on one occasion when invited to dine by a powerful marabout—Sidi Mohammed benn Haoua. But the difficulty of tight pantaloons and straps was not the only one experienced by General Daumas; at the moment of sitting down he perceived that at the dinner to which he was invited there were no seats, no bottles, and no glasses—not even a plate or a knife or a spoon. There was no apparatus for dining at all; for the whole race of cutlers and manufacturers of crockery and glass-ware would infallibly have to take to another line of business if the world were to adopt Arab habits.

The dining-table, or rather dining-carpet of leather, the *sefra*, was laid in the middle of the tent on the ground, and there was nothing whatever thereon, when the guests squatted down on all sides of it, like tailors about to go to work. How was the French general, after having surmounted the difficulty of pantaloons and straps, to eat his dinner? He hit at last upon the plan of observing his neighbors, two venerable gentlemen with white beards, who could not refrain at times from exchanging an ironical smile, which the general interpreted thus: "How will the Infidel get on here?"

The *cousscoussou* then made its appearance in a large wooden platter, and each of the guests plunged the finger and thumb of his right hand into the mess, made a little ball of it, and tossed it into his mouth. The general followed the example of his neighbors. After this dish roast mutton appeared, which was eaten with the fingers. At the end of the dinner—Arab etiquette requires that guests shall drink but once at the end of the dinner—water and sour milk were passed round in wooden and earthen bowls, and then a water-vessel and black soap were presented for all to wash their hands.

When the guest wishes to leave he announces his intention. His beasts of burden are prepared, his horse is brought to the door, and he is accompanied by his host to a certain distance.

When host and guest take leave of each other, the guest says, "May God increase thy substance," or, "God will restore it" (*i. e.*, what you have expended for me). The reply is, "Go with a blessing." "Demand thy happiness." "May good befall thee." "Demand thy happiness;" that is to say, "Look now to yourself. While you were my guest your happiness was my affair; now it is your own."

If an Arab receives a Christian, he will observe the same rules with him as with an Arab. If he is a fanatic, or if he is malicious, however, he has a hundred ways of playing tricks upon his guest without violating the rules of hospitality. He will be strict to the letter of the laws of guest-right, but the spirit of performance will militate grievously against their efficiency: he will manage to confound his Christian friend as much as possible with his Arab usages; he will have his food cooked with the most rancid butter that can be got; he will maliciously pitch his tent for him where he will be sure to be bitten by mosquitoes, by the side of a stream or on the site of an old encampment; he will tether a newly weaned camel close by him, who will cry for its mother the whole night long, or a male donkey, who will bray from sunset to sunrise; and in the morning he will come and inquire with such an innocent face and such polite salutations how his guest has slept that the latter, if he is a wise man, will do no otherwise than reply, "Excellently well. May God be merciful to the authors of thy days," and not give his host the triumph of reading any dissatisfaction in his face. If the Arab can no longer carry on the holy war against the infidel, this is a slight substitute for it; and you may perhaps contrive to be guests with him in the same polite fashion, and he will respect you the more.

BABOON LIFE IN AFRICA.

Near the Winterberg, a mountain to the north of the eastern frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, some years ago, there were several troops of baboons, young and old, which resided in the deep rocky ravines, and gamboled among the fearful precipices around. Very human were these creatures in their appearance and habits, especially when suddenly alarmed; the mammas were then seen to catch up their young ones, who clung round their parents' necks, and were thus carried rapidly to the summit of the rocks, where they would grimace and cough out their defiance at the intruder who had ventured into their domain.

An enemy, however, once found his way into their stronghold, and this was an enemy hungry, cunning, and powerful. It was a Cape leopard. Crouching down among the long grass, or amidst the crevices of the rocks, the leopard would suddenly spring upon a young baboon, and actually devour it before the eyes of its screeching parents. Strong as is a baboon, the leopard is yet far stronger, and with its terrible claws could soon tear to pieces the largest male baboon.

During some days the leopard feasted on baboons, but at length these creatures combined, and jointly attacked the leopard. They did not really mean to risk a pitched battle with him, for these creature evidently knew and respected his great powers. They had, too, as the result proved, determined on a safer and more crafty method of proceeding.

The leopard, fearing the combined strength of his adversaries, left their neighborhood, and retreated across country, but he was followed by nearly all the large baboons. On went the leopard; on followed the baboons. The day was hot, and the leopard disliked this perpetual tramping, and so tried to seek a retreat and lie down and rest. Then it was that the baboons closed round and worried him. Soon, too, he began to thirst, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and the white foam covering his jaws.

Water was soon scented by the hunted brute, and to this it rapidly made its way. But now the baboons became frantic; they closed on to the leopard, some by their great activity actually tearing him with their sharp teeth, and the creature could not drink. The baboons could relieve one another, and some could eat and drink too, while their companions continued worrying the leopard.

During two days and a night the country for several miles along the course of these creatures was startled by the cries of pursuer and pursued, and several farmers were witnesses from a distance of portions of the scene here described. They would not interfere, but watched the baboons' method of administering justice.

Worn out with exhaustion and thirst, the leopard at length could totter on no further, and sank to the ground a prey to the baboons, who, in spite of his claws and teeth, which were yet formidable, attacked him with their whole force and soon tore him to pieces, they themselves escaping with only a few severe scratches.

Assembling their forces, the baboons returned rapidly to their stronghold, where they were welcomed by their females and young with choruses of loud and triumphant barks, which were continued during the greater part of the night, while for several days the excitement did not seem to calm down, but was shown by the unusual noises which proceeded from this curious colony.

Another singular incident of baboon life is related by a credible witness.

Amidst the deeply wooded ravines of a range of mountains on the eastern frontier of the Cape of Good Hope a large colony of the pig-faced baboons were located. These creatures had found there a safe resting-place for many generations: so steep and dangerous were the cliffs that no creature except a baboon could dare wander among them, and so the animals were safe and happy.

The traveler in that wild region would find his arrival announced from hill-tops by a chorus of wild weird-like coughs or barks, while these semi-human animals could be seen on the side of naturally formed walls, of a thousand feet deep, grimacing at and threatening the solitary traveler who had intruded into this domain—a domain of which a king might well be proud.

This part of Africa has been gifted with a lovely climate, and with an air that is inhaled with effects similar to those produced by quaffing Champagne. No wonder that the chameleon is found in this neighborhood—a creature fabulously said to feed on air—for it has a glorious feast if it feed on the scented air of the Amatola Mountains.

Here are steep, rocky precipices; sheltered glens, each with bright flowery shrubs, whose purple and crimson blossoms give a distinct coloring to even the distant glens; while a sea of mighty hills rolls, one after the other, far as the eye can reach, boundless and desolate, yet lovely as a paradise. It is amidst these regions that the gray vulture floats like a thistle-down high up in the heavens; where the eagle hisses through the air on his prey, and where the baboon scampers at will, the legitimate and hereditary possessor of the soil.

Human-like almost in form, the baboon seems nearly human in his passions, as the following anecdote will show.

Some miles from the Amatola, and separated from them by an intervening plain, was another rocky stronghold, in which another colony of baboons were located. These latter, to the inexperienced eye, showed no distinct peculiarities from their neighbors in the Amatola, yet there were men whose keen perceptions were able to discover distinct peculiarities between the two races, and to be able to tell which was an Amatola baboon and which a denizen of the Chumie.

The baboons themselves did not fraternize, and if by chance stray baboons from each colony met one another in their wanderings, a regular fight ensued.

When the sun sank beneath the Chumie Hills, the baboons from that region would sit on the most giddy precipices, and bark forth a defiance to the distant mountains. In that clear atmosphere sound travels a long distance, and is heard during a still evening at almost fabulous distances. Thus the barks and the coughs of the baboons at one district were heard and replied to by the creatures some miles off, in the Amatola.

To the uninitiated these mere animal barks seemed to mean nothing; but to the keen ears and comprehensive senses of the baboons they conveyed the direst insults and most defiant challenges.

Human nature has its limits of endurance, and so has baboon nature; thus, after a particularly warm summer day, during which, probably, the creatures' blood became additionally heated, the evening challenges were given and answered with unusual vehemence. The moon rose bright and full, and the night was calm and lovely, and it seemed strange that all nature should not be at peace; but shortly after midnight the Chumie rocks and precipices resounded with screams, barks, and fiend-like sounds, as though a legion of demons had broken loose and were fighting among themselves.

For hours these fearful sounds were heard, and the few settlers then in that neighborhood listened with astonishment, not knowing whether these noises indicated a coming storm of unusual force, or were the indicators of some convulsion of nature. Toward daybreak they gradually ceased, and the men whose rest had been disturbed armed themselves and cautiously approached the scene of the midnight tumult.

The cause of the alarming disturbance was then manifest. The baboons of the Amatola had long borne the challenges and insults of their neighbors of the Chumie; they had listened to their taunts, and had burned with a desire for vengeance. At length an attack was organized, and on the night in question the male baboons of the Amatola assaulted the colony of the Chumie, and a fearful fight ensued.

The baboon's method of attack is singular and formidable; his muscular power is enormous, while the crushing power of his jaws is inferior to that of many smaller animals; when once he grips with his jaws, however, he can hold on, and so he combines his powers, by seizing his antagonist with his teeth, grasping him at the same time with his powerful arms, and then pushing him from him, so that he tears out the piece which he has in his mouth. By this means we have seen a large dog so maimed in a few seconds by a baboon that the former was obliged to be shot, as there was no hope of its recovery.

The result of the night attack which we have described was, that nearly one hundred baboons were found dead or dying by the hunters who visited the scene of action, while it was remarked that the coughs and barks which had previously disturbed the evenings almost entirely ceased, as though each party had gained a certain amount of respect for the other, by the experience gained during the midnight battle.

PROLONGED SLEEP.

The necessary amount of sleep for preserving a *mens sana in corpore sano* varies in different individuals. Infants and young children require far the most, and old persons the least, sleep. Perhaps seven hours is, as nearly as we can fix it, the average time that an average adult should devote to sleep. Active brain-work occasions a far greater demand for sleep than a good day's muscular exercise.

Numerous cases of prolonged sleep for weeks, or even months, are on record, some of which are undoubtedly authentic, and probably are analogous with the phenomena of hybernation and estivation that occur in certain of the lower animals — as bears, bats, hedgehogs, dormice, and many fishes, reptiles, mollusks, and insects. These may be regarded as cases of trance rather than of ordinary sleep, inasmuch as, although there is no stupor, the patients can not be roused. We may quote one or two of the most remarkable of the well-authenticated instances.

Samuel Clinton, or Chelton, of Timbury, near Bath, England, a laborer, aged twenty-five, apparently in sound health, fell asleep on the 13th of May, 1694, and could not be aroused. Food and drink which were placed at his bedside regularly disappeared, although no one saw him eating. At the end of a month he arose of his own accord, and went to his ordinary work. Except that he never spoke for a month, he kept apparently well till the 9th of April, 1696, when he again fell asleep. No external irritant—as cupping or scarifying—could arouse him; and he lay in this state for ten weeks, after which his jaws became so clenched together that it became necessary to utilize a hole in his teeth made by his pipe, and pour a little wine into his mouth through a quill. About two quarts were thus introduced in the course of six weeks and four days, and he took no other nourishment. On the 7th of August, after sleeping seventeen weeks, he awoke and dressed, not knowing that he had slept more than a night, till he went into the fields and saw the harvest being gathered in which he had helped to sow when he fell asleep. He remained well and at his regular work till the 17th of August, 1697, when he again fell asleep, and could not be roused by pricking, pinching, the application of hartshorn to the nostrils, etc., till the 19th of November, when his mother, hearing a noise, found him eating. She asked him how he did. He replied, "Very well, thank God." She asked him which he liked best, bread and butter, or bread and cheese. He answered, "Bread and cheese." Upon this the woman, overjoyed, left him to acquaint his brother, and on their return to his room they found him as fast asleep as ever, and could not by any means awake him. He finally awoke spontaneously at the beginning of February, perfectly well, and remembering nothing that had happened during his long sleep; and this is the last we hear of him.

A very remarkable case is that described by M. Blanchet to the Paris Academy of Sciences, and published in the *Comptes Rendus* for 1864. A lady, aged twenty-four, who slept for forty days at the age of eighteen, and fifty days at the age of twenty—including her honey-moon—at length had a sleep of nearly a year — from Easter-Sunday, 1862, to March, 1863. By the removal of a false front tooth she was fed with milk and broth. She was motionless, insensible to any external stimulus, and her muscles were in a state of contraction. The pulse was very weak, and the breathing scarcely perceptible. All the ordinary calls of nature were suspended. Her complexion was florid and healthy, and there was no emaciation. Except in the last particular, her case approximates to one that has recently attracted much attention in England. The difference may be readily accounted for by the apparently persistent and almost total fast of the subject in the latter case.

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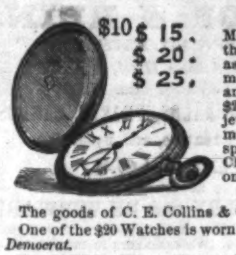

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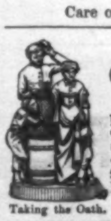

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